

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXXVIII.—No. 970.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7th, 1915.

PRICE SIXPENCE, BY POST, 6D.
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER]



SPEAIGHT.

157, New Bond Street, W.

LADY GWENDOLEN GUINNESS AND HER CHILDREN.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES—20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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A NEW CHAPTER.

OF the many documents and speeches issued on the anniversary of the war, the most significant is the Kaiser's manifesto. It demands attention less from its arrogant boastfulness and bold central falsehood than from its indications of future action. The Kaiser is well aware that he must adopt a tone of optimism, because his Empire is living on confidence. Were it not able to make rosy dreams for the future, the German nation would at once begin to reflect on its economical position, and a run on gold would play havoc with an elaborate fabric of credit which is built entirely on paper. But for this very reason it behoves us to appreciate fully the extreme gravity of the position. If William is convinced that Russia will be paralysed, as he says, for six months to come, his sanguine temperament will assuredly lead to a desperate attempt to break through the French and British lines in

the West. What will then happen it is difficult to forecast. Military and other critics have a great deal to say on the subject, so have those who spread the many rumours with which the atmosphere is laden. The one fatal defect in these disquisitions is that they are made in ignorance of the dominating fact which is the plan of campaign. Men like Joffre, Kitchener and French may be trusted to have thought out a way of dealing with the new German menace. They are fully alive to the importance of the axiom that a counter movement is always the best defence, and are not likely to wait tamely with no further ambition than that of resisting attack. But it is necessary for them to maintain absolute secrecy as to their plans.

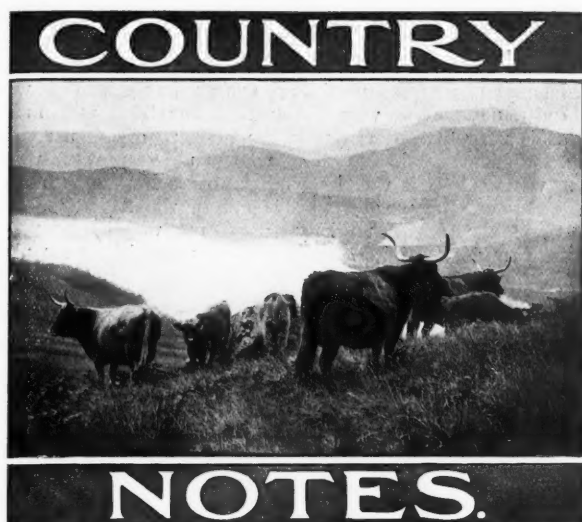
It would be childish to deny the anxiety of the moment, even on the part of those who most fully appreciate the solid achievements of the first year—the Fleet's established mastery of the sea, the formation and equipment of a huge army, the prosecution of the war on so many fronts, the capture of the German colonies. But mistakes also have been frequent, and there can be few to endorse the summing up for the plaintiff with which Mr. Asquith closed the Parliamentary session. For once the Prime Minister failed to interpret correctly the feeling of the country which is no longer athirst for lulling and soporific phrases. To take one instance, more than enough has been said about the war being one of endurance or attrition. Were the British Empire alone considered, its resources skilfully organised might outlast those of Germany and a similar statement might possibly apply to Russia. But the organisation far from being complete has scarcely begun. Words like "attrition" and "endurance" applied to the war are a mockery as far as Serbia and Belgium are concerned and are not liked in France whose richest industrial district is in the hands of the enemy. No, the country is not in the mood to be content with soothing syrup even when administered by one who is so deserved a favourite as Mr. Asquith. It feels that great events are impending and would rather be treated as a man than as a nervous child. Blind trust cannot fairly be expected, because of the mistakes made in the opening chapter of the story. Far better deal frankly and courageously with the situation. Up to now the country has escaped the terror and hardships of war. At all events it has only received such a taste as the bombardment of a seaside resort and the dropping of bombs—sufficiently dreadful, but local occurrences. There will be more to endure before the end is reached. We must remember the Allies are pledged to make peace in Berlin, and had our Armies been ready for a grand attack the time to throw every ounce of strength against the German line was while Germany was engaged in the great Russian campaign. Nothing more effectively exposes the falsity of the Kaiser's statement that war was forced on Germany than the lack of preparation on the part of Britain and her Allies, France alone has been swift to make up lost ground.

These circumstances combine to produce a great trial on the patience, courage and patriotism of the British people. It is loyally recognised that at this juncture confidence in the leaders must be not only great but silent. Parliament, the legitimate outlet for every kind of grievance and complaint, is not sitting. We are compelled to wait for events. Newspapers could not predict them even if the censorship were less exacting. Looking back over the past twelve months we find little to make us either sanguine or the reverse. British troops have, when the occasion required, fought with their ancient valour and tenacity, but so far no victory of supreme importance has been achieved. The time cannot now be far distant when the New Army of Great Britain will encounter the cohorts of Germany. The Kaiser assumes that God is with the Germans, but men of all shades of thought believed that Nemesis could not have in store for them a harder fate than that an army of invasion should mete out to them a dose of the same treatment which they have given Belgium and Northern France.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of Lady Gwendolen Guinness, wife of the Hon. Rupert Guinness, M.P., and her children. Mr. Guinness, who served in South Africa, is now commanding the London Division of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



AT the present moment the eyes of the whole world are directed to Russia. In the Kaiser's notorious message the most truculent and vain-glorious passage was the opening one—"My destructive sword has crushed the Russians."

It is a safe prophesy that before any great time has elapsed he will find reason for reversing this statement. Out of blood and tears every great nation, as well as every great work of art, has been evolved, and the spirit of Russia, as evinced alike in her army and in her parliament, never was stronger nor more determined than it is to-day. The dominion of the Czar, which not so long ago was rent by sedition and torn by conflicting parties, has been solidified and made one by this war. The resources of the country, which have been allowed to rest in the earth like treasure hoarded for a great need, have surrendered to the energy which military demands evolve. Russian industry has been revived as well as Russian valour. Already the Kaiser and the Austrians have learned that the Russian soldier is something very different from the ill trained creature of their imagination. He will become formidable indeed when the splendid activity in the factories has furnished him with modern arms and equipment. Russia, far from being beaten, is stronger now than she was in the early days of the war.

AT the same time it would be bad policy to ignore the meaning of a phrase used in an official despatch: "Each Russian success compels the enemy to withdraw a fresh force from the Western front. This fact creates favourable conditions for the active operations of our Allies." Last week a Reuter's telegram put this in still plainer language: "Russia awaits a diversion in the West." This is natural enough. The great war resembles in many ways a four handed game at chess, in which when one of the adversaries is checkmated, his ally can come to his help. Great Britain is doing that, but perhaps not in the way expected. M. Sazonoff, the Prime Minister, and Count Benckendorff have each in his own way shown what we are doing to relieve the situation. The Russian Ambassador, after pointing out that the Russian public hoped for a strong offensive in the West while the Germans were making their onset in the Eastern theatre of the war, remarks that the sober view which considers only military possibilities has always prevailed, and adds, "Nowhere has the colossal effort of Great Britain and France in the Dardanelles been more appreciated than in Russia." Our soldiers are longing for the day when they will be led to a great attack along the whole German line in France, but it would be a fatal policy to weaken our grip on the Dardanelles for the purpose of hastening it. This, we take it, is what Count Benckendorff and M. Sazonoff meant to convey to the public.

SIDE by side in the newspapers published at the beginning of the week were two documents which apparently got thrown accidentally together and yet had a great bearing one upon the other. The one was a summary of the third report made by the French Commission which has been enquiring into German atrocities. It dealt largely with the killing of wounded men on the field of battle and of prisoners, relating incidentally that on several occasions British captives have been forced to march in front of the German soldiers so that their fellow countrymen might be deceived in thinking them a party who had escaped from Germany. This is only

one chapter in a great book of iniquity. No one who has made personal investigation can doubt the facts. The present writer heard one of the most horrible stories of German outrage, related on the very battlefield where it occurred, by two witnesses. One, an ancient dame, too old to feel horror, too old to lie, told her story with a senile smiling face that made it still more terrible. Close beside her was a middle-aged woman who could scarcely utter the words in her agony. The convulsive movement of her hands impressed one more than anything. These were eye-witnesses whose good faith could not be doubted.

THE other document to which we refer was Sir Edward Carson's clear definition of the part that devolves upon neutral countries in this war. Their responsibility is unbounded. All international regulations that are founded upon the principles of humanity depend upon the courage and resolution with which those who are not combatants are prepared to enforce them. On the action of neutrals depends the character of the result, whether war shall be rendered humane and therefore become, like fire, a great purifier, or whether wild and savage passions are to be allowed free play and so lead us back to the most revolting barbarism of the savage state. As Sir Edward Carson pointed out, a crime is "none the less revolting because it carries out its method by the aid of discoveries of scientific research and progress." The reflection cannot be avoided that, supposing for a moment Germany to be successful in this war, if the neutrals shirk their duty, then the savagery with which it has been conducted will be glossed over and forgotten, except so far that it will henceforth be considered an inseparable part of modern warfare. International law becomes less than a mockery if the neutrals do not enforce it.

THE LAST OF THE TINKLER.

Lay me in yon place, lad,
The gloamin's thick wi' nicht;
I canna' see yer face, lad,
For my een's no richt,
But it's ower late for leein'
An' I ken fine I'm deein',
Like an auld craw fleein'
To the last o' the licht.

The kye gang to the byre, lad,
An' the sheep to the fauld,
Ye'll mak' a spunk o' fire, lad,
For my he'rt's turned cauld;
An' whaur the trees are meetin'
There's a sound like waters beatin',
An' the bird seems near to greetin'
That was aye singin' bauld.

There's just the tent to leave, lad,
I've gaithered little gear,
There's just yersel' to grieve, lad,
An' the auld dog here;
An' when the morn comes creepin'
An' the wauk'nin' birds are cheipin'
It'll find me lyin' sleepin'
As I've slept saxty year.

Ye'll rise to meet the sun, lad,
An' baith be gangin' west,
But me that's auld an' done, lad,
I'll bide an' tak' my rest;
For the grey heid is bendin'
An' the auld shune's needin' mendin',
But the traiv'lin's near its endin',
An' the end's aye the best.

VIOLET JACOB.

ON Tuesday the Secretary of the Admiralty announced the achievement of several notable successes by British submarines. One of them on its return notified the destruction of a German destroyer believed to be of the G 196 Class, near the German coast. The number of the submarine was not given, nor any further indication of the locality, but the occurrence is a reminder that our submarines miss few chances of distinguishing themselves. If the list of their victims is not very long, the explanation is simply that German vessels are practically swept off the seas and seldom offer a target for the torpedo. Still more remarkable are the feats performed in the Sea of Marmora. There a large steamer of 3,000 tons, which was probably, although the name is

not given by the Admiralty, the *Bisga* of the Mahsousseh Company, was struck, and it had several sailing vessels secured alongside. The explosion is described as being very heavy. Another steamer, close to Karabogha Bay, was torpedoed. Torpedoes were fired at lighters alongside the arsenal at Constantinople, and the *Zeitunlik* powder mills were fired at, but owing to the darkness the result could not be ascertained.

THE activity of the submarines was not confined to the water.

We are told that the railway cutting one mile west of Kara-Burnu was bombarded, and the line blocked temporarily, so that a troop train was unable to pass and was being fired at as it steamed back, three truckloads of ammunition being blown up. An Exchange correspondent supplements the official announcement and informs us that submarine, on Friday, shelled a train conveying troops to Haidar Pasha on the Bosphorus, nearly opposite Constantinople. Seven wagons were destroyed. This is an event of considerable significance. It is, as far as we know, the first occasion on which a submarine has been able to interfere effectively with railway traffic. The Anatolian railway runs for over forty miles near the shore of the sea of Marmora to its terminus on the Bosphorus, near Scutari and Haidar Pasha. We have all heard a good deal about the consternation caused in Constantinople by the deeds of our submarines: the latest occurrence is well calculated to heighten it, as well as to restrict the transport of men and munitions.

RANDOM guesses at the strength of Germany have been so frequent and contradictory that figures drawn up officially for the War Office are very welcome. They came out in a curiously incidental and casual manner. In the course of a law case tried at the Prize Court, in which the Crown claimed that four Scandinavian vessels should be condemned, a question arose as to the number of persons in Germany who could not be classified as part of the civilian population. To settle this an affidavit made by Major Dillon, D.S.O., of the War Office, was read by the Solicitor General. In this the fighting strength of Germany was estimated as follows: The number of troops under arms on both fronts is taken at four millions; three-quarters of a million are in training; the same number are employed in Krupp's and other munition factories; and half a million on the railways; while two millions are engaged in coal mines, and clothing and other factories. Major Dillon reckons the casualties of the German army at two millions. These are formidable figures, but they would certainly be exceeded, even when the Austrian strength is added, by the number of men the Allies can call upon. The Solicitor General, on these figures and the number of separation allowances, calculated that the German Government is, in the last resort, answerable for the rations of twenty million people.

NOT long ago sympathy was extended to Lord Desborough on the loss of his eldest son, Captain the Hon. Julian Grenfell, who died of wounds at Boulogne on May 26th. His second son, Second-Lieutenant the Hon. Gerald William Grenfell, met an equally glorious death on July 31st, when he fell while leading a counter-attack in Flanders. Lord Desborough is to be consoled with on the loss of two such splendid sons, but they have added fresh associations to a name already endeared to the public. His nephews, the two great soldiers and finished sportsmen, Captain Francis Grenfell, V.C., and Captain Riversdale Grenfell, the former in May and the latter in September, gave their lives for the country. The latest of the names to be added to the Roll of Honour is Mr. G. W. Grenfell, who was only twenty-five years of age, having been born on March 29th, 1890. He was educated at Eton and Balliol, and when the war broke out was about to be called to the Bar. Like his kith and kin, he was a great sportsman, specially distinguished in boxing and tennis.

IN the interesting article on Armour by the Curator of the Tower Armouries there is one statement which will probably be questioned. Mr. Foulkes says, "It is unthinkable that such defences will ever be officially recognised, for, if issued on a large scale, they would greatly impede the mobility of troops already carrying more dead weight than did the soldier of the sixteenth century in his suit of half-armour." But, as a matter of fact, the French have already adopted a steel trench helmet as a means of defence, and five hundred have been asked for by the British military authorities for the purpose of testing their value. In warfare, as it is being conducted in France and Belgium at the present moment, a very great deal of injury is caused by spent bullets and shrapnel

of which the force is almost exhausted, and also by flying *débris*. Against chance projectiles of this kind steel offers a good defence, and when it is remembered that about five-sixths of the French casualties are wounds in the head, it will be quite understood why the helmet has been welcomed. There is very little doubt that it will help to safeguard an appreciable proportion of those who would otherwise suffer from wounds. It is well known that other kinds of armour are being carefully studied on behalf of the Allied troops, and it is not at all unlikely that some will be adopted in the Army. Some at least of the new conditions may be met by reviving old defences.

THE KING this week presented their colours to the Welsh

Guards, and it can have fallen to the lot of but few newly formed regiments to receive their first colours under such dramatic circumstances or with such high hopes of writing upon them undying names. The regiment has already one great and inspiring possession in their national music. To hear Welshmen sing "Land of our Fathers" is a moving and unforgettable experience. It is said that the singing of it before an international football match by a surging Welsh crowd full of a passionate patriotism has often numbed the powers of the invaders and made them fall the easier victims; nor is this difficult to believe. There is, moreover, no more splendid and exciting march than that of the "Men of Harlech," and it is most happily appropriate that Lord Harlech should be the first Colonel of the regiment. When some time ago the Welsh Guards first mounted guard at Buckingham Palace and marched away up the Mall to that noble tune, it was easy to feel the thrill that ran through the onlookers. That was some time since, and already the badge of the leek is regarded by Londoners with familiar affection. No one can doubt that the regiment will be worthy of their country and of the great traditions of the Brigade of Guards.

A RONDEAU.

Songbirds of France, whose voices shrill
With hopes of springtime throb and thrill,
Skywards I turn my war-worn ear
Rejoicing sounds of peace to hear
Where armed men assail the hill.

Will nothing cease your happy trill,
Nor roar of engines made to kill
O'ercloud your innocence with fear,
Songbirds of France?

Then may God soon your hopes fulfil
And end this strife of force and will,
That through your pleasant land so dear
Peace soon shall wipe away the tear
And find you blithely singing still
Songbirds of France.

P. B. KIRK STEDMAN.

(March 18th, 1915, behind the trenches "somewhere in France.")

MANY weeks ago a Committee, with Lord Selborne as chairman, was appointed to report on the best means of conserving and, if possible, increasing the British food supply. It was composed of well known and able experts, and, naturally, an early report was expected, as, if this is not forthcoming, it will not be possible to do much this year. But since its appointment the Committee has not been publicly heard of, and enquiries are being freely made as to its proceedings. The matter is one of first class importance. As we have pointed out over and over again in these columns, increased productivity of the soil is imperatively needed quite apart from the war. We have fallen behind other nations in this branch of activity, and have much leeway to make up, but the difficulties incidental to war greatly accentuate the force of this consideration. By well directed efforts it is possible still to improve the situation to a very perceptible degree. For that reason, among others, it is most desirable that the report should be drawn up as soon as possible. It is most unfortunate that, as Parliament is not sitting, an explanation cannot be procured in the usual way. Time is running on, and the causes for action are even more compelling to-day than they were twelve months ago. A brave man does not readily yield to fear, but prudence goes hand in hand with true courage. We know that the submarine danger may very possibly be accentuated during the coming winter, and in that case the country will need all the home-grown food it can produce. Therefore the work of the Committee, if it is going to be done at all, should be done speedily.

WAR-TIME IN LONDON AND PARIS.

THERE could be no greater contrast than that between the atmosphere of London and the atmosphere of Paris. Here war is little more than a stimulating excitement—an excitement, however, which has mournful support in the background, anxiety, grief, vague chances and fears. No great capital is exactly the same in war time as in peace. Yet a neutral who has visited all the belligerent countries is not wrong when he says London is the least disturbed, the most its usual self of all the capitals. Before going abroad one is tempted to exaggerate the changes; afterwards how petty and trivial they look! Running over to Paris used to be as easy as making a trip to the Highlands. But now the mere passport regulations establish a difference. They teach one at least to understand why a new kind of photographer has come into existence, one who advertises "Photographs for Passports"! At the French Consulate, where the document has to be *viséd*—hateful word previously for use abroad only!—the number of French and Belgian refugees waiting to return is a hint not to be disregarded. The keen vigilance with which a passenger and his belongings are scrutinised at the railway stations, the long waits and delays—these, after all, are very minor horrors of war. Till you land on French soil they only supply occasion for small talk and flippancy. Not the crossing of the Channel and the precautions attending it, or the sombre ships do more than stimulate interest.

But on the French shore electricity soon develops in the atmosphere. Boulogne is full of men in khaki. Outside of it, all along the line are evidences of camp work and training. It might, in fact, be easily imagined that the passengers were in the neighbourhood of an English provincial town. More slowly than in this country, however, does the train wind its way to the capital. Here a little difference is noted. The pressure on the French railway lines is greater than it is in England. The fact is emphasised by further experience. Not only are there military demands to be fulfilled, but it has been necessary to curtail to a very considerable extent the number of trains.

Points of difference increase in number till they begin to have a cumulative effect. It is felt at once that Paris is no longer the Paris we knew and it is by observing small things that one comes to understand the metamorphosis. The streets strike one as being extraordinarily quiet and everybody and everything is subdued. We all know the furious taxicab driver who used to make the most spacious squares dangerous with his wild flight. Now he goes *au pas*, as they used to say sometimes of the fiacre, and this reminds us that the fiacre has come into its own again. There appear to us to be more taximeter cabs and fewer taximeter motors than there have been for many a year in the French capital. The faces, too, that one meets have lost their gaiety. In Piccadilly, Pall Mall, or Oxford Street, there is no discernible change either in the numbers of the street crowd or in their demeanour. They go along laughing and talking as pleasantly as if no war were in progress. In Paris, there seems to be a complete lack of idlers. An old shopkeeper to whom I made this observation replied that the war had found work for everyone. The men who are fit were on service and for all the unfit some task had been found.

For the women, too, plenty of uses have been discovered, so that each was set to her task. Even a great number of the light-hearted *filles de joie* have risen to the occasion and, laying aside their worser selves, are doing useful work for the country. They have, at all events, disappeared from the streets. Indeed, it is more than a little melancholy to walk along the deserted boulevards. The cafés, too, are forsaken. Most of them present little more than a beggarly array of empty chairs. In this way they differ violently from the public-houses in England, where those at which working-men congregate appear to be busier than they were before the war. Another great contrast is to be found in the restaurant. At a very famous one, where little more than a year ago it was absolutely impossible to obtain a seat without booking it beforehand, there were but two or three very small parties at dinner, and of them the majority were foreigners. The best of the Frenchmen have developed a very noble spirit of economy. They are living as plainly as possible, and giving what they have to spare to the many hundreds of Red Cross collectors who are

to be met everywhere. They watch for the likely pedestrian in the street; they go from carriage to carriage in the trains; they are found in the steamer; and they effect an entrance into the hotels—always with a little Red Cross box and a plaintive look in their eyes. The occasional collector met with in London gives no idea of the streams who are actively engaged in the streets of Paris. Moreover, our restaurants seem less affected than any other resorts. As far as we have been able to see, they are as much patronised as they were before the war.

In places of amusement very much the same sort of thing is to be observed. The most pathetic experience during the course of a journey fruitful of such experiences was in a celebrated music hall. There was a fair-sized audience, and the performers seemed determined to please them at all hazards; but their funniest gestures and words fell flat. The *claque* in the gallery did indeed send forth its energetic and decided applause; but the *bona fide* visitors seemed perfectly unable to join in. It was not one turn only, but at every turn that the same thing happened—there was the desperate attempt to be joyful, and circumstances and feeling that restrained its expression. The idea suggested was that of a strong man trying in vain to hide his agony under a semblance of mirth.

Surely no one need ask why. Over this once gay and brilliant nation has fallen the shadow of war. The reality has for twelve weary months been very near to Paris. Two hours in an express train that makes several stops, and a short run in a motor, carries one from Paris to the war zone. And it makes its presence felt in every home and street. We think here in England that our losses have been great: they are small in comparison with those of France. That was inevitable, since our Allies hold more than ten times the length of trenches that we do. No figures are given, but the number of dead was at Paris said to exceed our total casualties. And the war has played havoc with trade. The richest industrial provinces are in the hands of the enemy. In the shops, particularly those devoted to the supply of luxuries, they told me business was at a standstill.

As far as one could judge, the only people in France who are thoroughly gay and happy are the soldiers. From private to general they are full of courage and confidence. And this does not come from minimising the danger. On the contrary, they seemed rather to exaggerate it. They point out in the friendliest way that the English are devoting themselves with characteristic thoroughness to blocking the Kaiser's way to Calais, and Frenchmen think the German will only make a feint at Calais and concentrate his main force on an attempt to break through at St. Mihiel or near Verdun, in order to rush Paris. The prospect does not alarm them. War has turned France into a nation of heroes. From the lean, smart, clever officers, whose minds, souls and bodies are all thrown into the scale, to the youngest conscript, all are animated with unshaken resolution to win their way to victory. No one can help feeling that they will do it. War has rediscovered the French nation, rediscovered it as a great nation in a mood of greatness. The men are exalted with patriotic fervour and fit to accomplish anything.

It is the non-combatant who is gloomy. In Paris they wait, and waiting is weary work and brings visions that often must be sad. War has been so close to the city. There was a moment when the timid were willing to give the equivalent of from eighty to a hundred pounds for a taxi-cab to carry them out of danger. Villon in one of his poems describes how awed he felt when on a winter night he heard wolves howling at the gates of Paris and joining their savage cry to the pealing of the bells. To-day something immeasurably worse hovers round Paris. It is the spectre of war.

Once before, when we were fighting side by side with the French the greatest orator of his day made a speech containing the celebrated passage: "The Angel of Death has been abroad, throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings." No great imagination is required to figure war as a spectre striding across the cornfields and sunny vineyards of France, leaving dead and dying and desolation in his track. Yet his presence has nerved and ennobled the whole country. England might well take a lesson from her great and valiant Ally who bravely looks the worst in the face, disdains false hopes and delusions, will not listen to

soporific language, but with steady and unshrinking courage prepares for whatever may happen. A nation so exalted can never be beaten. The Germans have already recognised in the French a great and dangerous foe. Before the end comes they will find in him a conqueror.

It will be the business of the historian to show the extraordinary transformation effected upon the French character by the events of August and September 1914. No general ever had a task of such great difficulty as that of Joffre. Only now are we in a position to realise the unpreparedness of the French army and the finished training of the Germans.

The latter could not have dreamed until they were actually at Meaux, their nearest approach to Paris, what the future was to bring forth. But in the short and terrible weeks of fighting that had preceded the battle of the Marne, the great commander had found time and opportunity to clear out many of the incompetent and replace them with the fit. A great victory crowned his efforts, and its effects are even now to be traced on the French people, and particularly the inhabitants of Paris. The city is grave and, in a metaphorical sense, pale, but resolute and unflinching to the last degree.

THE RETURN OF THE ARMOURER.

BY CHARLES FFOULKES, F.S.A.

Illustrated from the Tower Armoury.

MARSHAL MAURICE of Saxe, writing in the middle of the eighteenth century, deplored the disuse of defensive armour as being the cause of a large number of casualties in battle. He very truly observed that most of the wounds caused by spent bullets, sword, lance, or pike thrusts would be minimised, if not prevented, by the use of some kind of metal protection. He does not suggest that its weight and unwieldiness was any drawback, for he recommends a cuirass made of buff leather, reinforced with metal strips, weighing in all 30lb., as a very useful equipment, and he gives as his opinion that it was only the cost of armour which brought about its disuse. From the middle of the sixteenth century there had been much discussion as to the practical value of armour, and Sir John Smythe, writing in 1590, cites the death of Sir Philip Sidney from a spent bullet as a reason for adhering to the old fashions in military equipment. As early as 1569 armour was proved by musket or pistol shot, and in 1590 Sir Henry Lee, Master of the Armouries, arranged a trial to determine the respective merits of Shropshire iron and "Hungere" or Innsbruck metal, with results disastrous to the home made product. It is at this test that we find the only record of Jacobe, Master Workman, whose magnificent armours have been noticed in *COUNTRY LIFE* by Viscount Dillon and the present writer.

In the "Verney Memoirs," under the date 1667, we find that one Richard Hals proved his armour with "as much powder as will cover the bullet in the palm of the hand." It was this proof by musket shot, combined with the gradual decadence of the craft of the



GORGET, EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



SECRETE, LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.



FRENCH TRENCH HELMET, 1915.

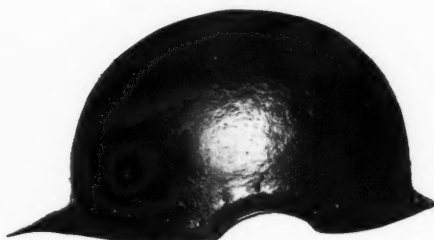


PIKEMAN'S POT, MIDDLE OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.



CHAPEL DE FER, FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURIES.

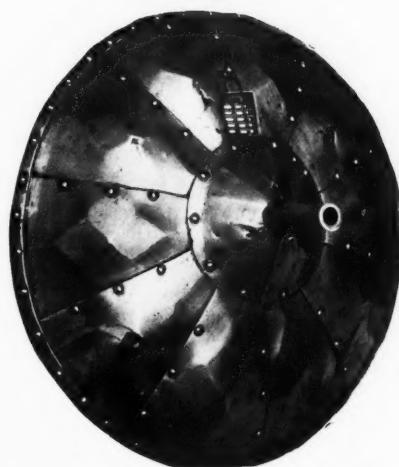
armourer, who had by this time lost the art of tempering his metal, which produced the graceless and cumbersome equipment of the seventeenth century—proof against firearms, it is true, but so heavy and inconvenient as to be entirely unsuited for extended expeditions, and for the new school of military tactics. The last relic of the complete suit of plate was the small crescent-shaped gorget worn by infantry officers up to about the year 1830. Once this had been a practical protection to the throat, but latterly it shrank to a small plaque of brass, little larger than a regimental badge. Quilted armour, brigandines, and chain mail were occasionally used after field armour had been given up; but these were solely used against the attack of the assassin. Napoleon III is said to have worn a defence of mail; the cavalry of the Confederate Army in the American Civil War favoured a vest lined with plates of steel; and Ned Kelly, the bushranger of our own day, wore a helmet and cuirass of bullet-proof boiler plate. The thin strips of steel used in the brigandine were only of value against sword cuts, and it was for this purpose that they were employed in the "secretres", or hat linings, of which there are still large numbers in the Tower, and in the hat of Bradshaw the Regicide, in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. The modern French and German defences of this nature would seem to be quite useless against long range rifles. For many years inventors have brought forward contrivances, claimed to be bullet proof, which provided thrilling turns on the music hall stage, but none ever dared to face the service rifle, wearing their invention. As has been repeatedly pointed out in recent articles



SKULL CAP, LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.



STEEL SKULL CAP, 1915.



PISTOL SHIELD OF HENRY VIII (OBVERSE AND REVERSE).



MODERN SQUARE SHIELD.

on this subject, the only value of armour at the present day is as a protection from glancing or spent bullets. It has no value whatever against the point blank impact of a projectile, for, even if the defence is not penetrated, the resultant shock is as serious as a bullet wound. It is therefore this glancing surface which should be studied if armour is to have any place in modern warfare, and metal of a high temper and light in weight should be employed. It is unthinkable that such defences will ever be officially recognised, for, if issued on a large scale, they would greatly impede the mobility of troops already carrying more dead weight than did the soldier of the sixteenth century in his suit of half-armour. If such contrivances are purchased privately an exhaustive test should be insisted upon, and proof should be recorded by some responsible body, as it was in the days of Charles I, when the Armourers Company of London were ordered to carry out such tests and stamp all armour that satisfied the conditions with their mark. If these defences are carelessly made of indifferent material they will assuredly be far more of a danger than a protection.

It is impossible to criticise the modern productions without seeing them in actual use in the trenches, but it would seem that the pistol shield with crossed bars is in direct opposition to the theory that the "glancing surface" is of importance, for here, wherever the bullet strikes, it will deliver the full force of its blow and will not fly off at a tangent as it would from Henry VIII's pistol shield which is preserved in the Tower. The plain skull-cap seems to fulfil the required conditions, except that it should be provided with a brim curving outwards, like the chapel de fer of the sixteenth century. The French helmet appears to provide some lodgments for the bullet in the straight brim and high comb, but again it should be noted that it is impossible to criticise practically until the defence is seen in action.

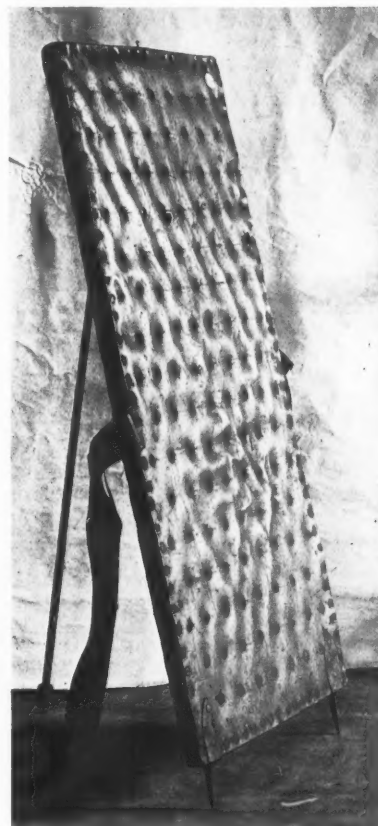
Besides the ordinary body armour of the late seventeenth century in the Tower Collection there are a few interesting specimens of siege implements which were the precursors of modern contrivances. The chevaux de frise of the days of Wellington are a series of sergeants' pikes joined by horizontal rods, and so arranged that they can be stretched across a road or the breach in a wall as a protection against cavalry—an anticipation of the present barbed wire entanglement. The sappers' mantlets of leather and iron have continued in use from the time of the Romans up to to-day, and the weighty



SAPPER'S HELMET, MIDDLE OF NINETEENTH CENTURY.



SAPPER'S HELMET, MIDDLE OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.



SAPPER'S MANTLET OF LEATHER, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

sappers' helmets used in the middle of the nineteenth century show that even then armour was seriously considered in trench work. Several of the eighteenth century muskets in the Tower have brass cups fixed to the barrel or butt from which grenades were thrown, a necessary precaution when the fuse was but a rough and ready affair of slow match. Step by step we can trace the evolution of military inventions, and it is peculiarly interesting to find that to-day, in the midst of all our scientific knowledge and experience, we



FLINT-LOCK MUSKET WITH GRENADE CUP, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



CHEVAUX DE FRISE, EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

are suddenly forced back to make use of appliances of four hundred years ago which we had but recently stigmatised as relics of barbarism.

CONCERNING THE POOR MAN COVETOUS.

A Caucasian Folk-Tale. Translated from the Russian Collection of T. A. Gatsuk by Arthur Ransome.

THE poor man, Avner, and his wife, Iska, had seven children, and nothing with which to feed them. Things came in the end to such a point that their little youngest son grew weaker, and yet weaker, until he was at the point of death from hunger.

"Well, get out of the house," said Iska to her husband; "perhaps you do not know that, according to the custom, it is not permissible for a father to be present at the death of his child? Go along, solicit alms, or we shall all die of hunger."

Avner set out. He wandered this way and that; nobody gave him a morsel of bread. His own people were all poor men like himself, and the Gentiles, as everyone knows, do not help a Jew. "Die," they say, "it will be one dog the less." He was just going to turn back to his hut, when suddenly there came to meet him a venerable old man, well dressed in the ancient manner, with stern eyes. This old man called the beggar, and questioned him: Was he of the true faith, did he obey all the rules of the Sabbath, did he not eat forbidden food? . . . All these things he enquired in detail. But when Avner confessed that from bitter need it happened to him to sin against the law, the old man took out of his bosom a little copper bowl, and from his pocket a ducat (chervonetz, a gold three-rouble piece), gave them to the beggar, and said: "This ducat will suffice you to bury your son and to get food for your family until the Sabbath. And on the night of Friday you must place this bowl under your pillow. In the morning you will find a gold piece in it, and so it will be every week, in order that you shall not sin from poverty."

A ducat is a rich alms, and Avner rejoiced in it even more than in the bowl. Thinks he: "It must be that the old man is laughing at me . . . what miracles are there in our sinful days?" But on Friday evening, all the same, he put the bowl under his pillow. His wife urged him to it.

"Why not put it there? . . . Put it. . . . It is not as though there could be any harm in doing that."

In the morning they looked, and in very truth there was a new ducat in the bowl. . . . The law, of course, did not allow them to take it on the Sabbath; but it was permissible to look at it. They set out, Avner and Iska, to examine the bowl, a very simple, polished, little copper bowl. Only, on the edge of it was engraved a certain strange mark, and at the bottom of the bowl was a ducat, new and shining. On the next Sabbath there was again a ducat in the cup, and a week later again another.

"This is good," said the husband. "It is sufficient for our necessities, and other things I can earn."

"Much you will earn!" replied his wife. "Think! If in place of a single ducat two were produced, why then it would be possible to put something by, and set up some sort of business. Do you know what I wonder? Whether all its power is not in that sign which is on the bowl. One sign . . . one ducat. Take the bowl to the engraver Nachshon, and tell him to engrave another sign on it exactly like the first."

"But what if the bowl is altogether spoilt?"

"What! Because of such a tiny little sign! Tell Nachshon to grave carefully, and not too deep."

The husband also had a mind to see if he could not receive more money. He went to Nachshon, the engraver, and Nachshon the engraver graved a sign for him on the edge of the bowl in every particular like the first. Friday came, and they put the bowl under the pillow. All night long they did not sleep. They could hardly wait till the morning. And when they looked in the bowl they saw not one, but two gold pieces!

"Well! Didn't I tell you? Take the bowl back to the engraver, and let him place signs all over it, both inside and outside."

"But what if it is spoilt altogether?" said the husband. "We had better try once more. Let him again place but one, a third little sign."

The engraver placed a third sign, and on the next Sabbath there appeared three ducats. After that the husband was no longer afraid. He and his wife began to count together; how many signs there was room for on the bowl, how many ducats they would get every week. They counted a great number. Then they began to think what they would do with the money. Avner said: "I am going to buy up carpets from the makers, and gold and silver things, and cart them to the big town. Good merchants make much profit by that—double."

But Iska disagreed: "So that's your idea! You will ride to town, but I am to sit here and have no peace with the children! I, too, wish to live in the big town. I wish to wear fine clothes, gold, precious stones. I wish to live in a fine house of my own and have many servants. I wish to go to the bath every week . . . and live like the rich merchants' wives."

They argued and argued. They quarrelled, and the husband gave his wife a thrashing. Now, this had never happened before.

Next morning, as soon as it was light, Avner took the bowl and ran with it to the engraver. Nachshon, the engraver, looked it over, and considered, and said: "There is a deal of work in this. I shall not take less than three gold pieces."

There was nothing to be done, and Avner agreed to this price. He had the last three ducats still untouched, but there was nothing left of the two from the week before. "We will rub along," he thought, "somehow or other, even if we go on short commons. And it will be for the last time!"

On the Friday morning Avner got his bowl. The whole of it, outside and inside, was covered with signs, and every sign was exactly like the first. Not for nothing did the engraver take his three gold pieces. They began, Avner and Iska, to count the signs. They counted all day, and made out one thousand and fifty and two.

"Oh, what a pity the bowl is so small," said Iska, and her husband also was sorry that the bowl was not larger.

The sun went down and the night came, and with it the joyful Sabbath descended on the earth. Iska laid the supper on the table . . . nothing but a pot of millet gruel, and for that she had borrowed the millet from a neighbour. It was a poor Sabbath meal. . . . Well, no matter, it was the last of its kind, and the next day there would be the whole pile of gold.

Suddenly somebody knocked on the door. Now, a guest to the Sabbath meal is the ambassador of God! Avner threw open

the door, and there came in that same old man who had given him the bowl and the ducat.

"May the Holy Sabbath be bright for you, good people!"

"You are too kind, father," Avner replied.

"But why do you make so poor a meal? Why, you have not even lit a candle for the holiday. Does not my bowl help you? Where do you keep it?" The bowl was standing on a shelf close to the table. The old man took it, looked it over, and said: "Truly, insatiable is the heart of man; there is no limit to his greed for gold! Better it is to be the poor man's

son, for his poverty is his justification, than to be the son of the rich. . . . Eh! what is that over there in the corner?"

They all looked round at the dark corner, but there was nothing there. They turned again to the old man, and he was nowhere to be seen. He had disappeared, and the bowl had disappeared with him.

And so it came about that the poor man Avner had again to beg for charity. He asked for alms, and said to everyone who gave to him: "Spit in my face, good man, and smite me. I deserve it."

WHAT THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN HAS DONE FOR THE WAR.—IV.

YORKSHIRE: THE NORTH RIDING.

IF the three Ridings of the county of broad acres be reckoned as distinct and separate counties, as they are, the North Riding, with its population thinly scattered among the moors and fells, ranks fourth in point of size, and it is this isolation of the grey farms and hamlets in the deeply-scored valleys and dales such as Teesdale, Swaledale and Wensleydale, which has made the labours of the Lord Lieutenant, Sir Hugh Bell, and the Central Emergency Committee so arduous in finding recruits. With the exception of Middlesbrough in the extreme north, the North Riding does not belong to the thickly peopled manufacturing districts of Yorkshire. Middlesbrough men were busy with the manufacture of munitions and the iron industry; yet in one division alone, in Cleveland, it was estimated last December that twenty per cent. of the men had joined the Colours, and if men of military age alone were reckoned, a full forty per cent.

The regiment fed from the North Riding, the Princess of Wales' Own Yorkshire Regiment, the old "Green Howards," so named because it was commanded during a decade of the eighteenth century by the Hon. Charles Howard, has always had the name of a hard fighting regiment, and the tenacity and heroism of the men of Yorkshire in the October days about Ypres will not be the least glorious of its feats of arms. The 2nd Battalion, which was in the 21st Brigade of the famous 7th Division, landed at Zeebrugge on October 6th, and a week later arrived at Roulers. On the 16th the Brigade, of which the other regiments were the 2nd Bedfords, the 2nd Wiltshires, and the 2nd Royal Scots Fusiliers, was holding a line between Becelaere and Gheluvelt. On the 21st the Germans thrust in a wedge between the Scots Fusiliers and the "Green Howards," which forced the latter to defend

themselves on two fronts for the better part of three days' hard fighting, until the Bedfords filled up the dangerous gap. On October 27th they were relieved by the Scots Guards for a short six hours' rest, after holding their trenches for eleven days. "Night was our only chance," wrote one of the "Green Howards" afterwards, "either to try and find water, or to find out where rations could be had; it was so difficult for any transports to be

within three or four miles. The first few days proved this, because we had orders to eat our emergency rations. It was only at night that we could move our killed and wounded from the trenches." They were soon in the firing line again, on October 31st, when the gallant Scots Fusiliers suffered so desperately that they and the "Green Howards" were made up—what remained of them—into one battalion. On that critical day of the battle for Ypres, the whole division was bent back to the low Klein Zillebeke ridge, but, by the brilliant charge of the Worcesters and the Oxford and Buckingham Light Infantry, the line was pushed forward again to the old trenches. On the first day of November, the wearied "Green Howards" were rained on by a never-ending tornado of shell, and lost their commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel King. Their lines swayed a trifle forward and backward in the early November days, until they were relieved on the 7th and went into reserve—all that was left of them—for, next day at Beauville, but two hundred and fifty-four men answered the roll of the battalion that had left England over a thousand strong. This small residue well deserved the praise of Brigadier-General Watts for their self-sacrificing support in a great emergency. "The bravery of the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the regiment," he told them, "was worthy of the best traditions of the whole of the British forces." "In the fierce and heavy fighting we have undergone together," Major-General Capper told the regiment, "I think you have done splendidly. I asked who was holding that particular line of trenches which seemed a weak spot. When I was told the 2nd Yorkshires, I knew it would be all right. I knew that—though the line there was weak, I was not afraid. I knew it was a regiment I could hang my hat on at any time of the day or night.

Your country and your county—Yorkshire—will give you your reward."

If the 2nd Yorkshires did gallantly in the autumn at Ypres when many other steady line regiments showed their ancient courage and endurance, the 4th Battalion, drawn from Cleveland and Middlesbrough, fought shoulder to shoulder with the Canadians at Ypres in the spring when they drove the Germans back to St. Julien.



LIEUT. W. P. ORDE-POWLETT.

Who fell in action at Ypres.



MAJOR THE HON. HUGH DAWNAY.

Killed at the head of his men near Klein Zillebeke

The 4th Battalion were shipped to France on April 17th, and within a week they were in the firing line, attacking, in the teeth of a heavy rifle and machine-gun fire, "as steadily as if on parade." There was not a single laggard in this magnificent attack, and their commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Maurice Bell, was told that it had saved a most critical situation. The Territorials of the North showed the steadfastness of the raw lads of the Militia at Waterloo—in Napoleon's words: "one might as well try to charge through a wall."

To name the Northern Yorkshiremen who are serving is to muster the whole of the Riding, from the Fells to the sea, from York to its northern barrier, the Tees. If, following the course of the Swale beyond the most remote of the dales, Lord Ronaldshay, Lord Zetland's eldest son, is a major in the 4th Battalion of the Yorkshire Regiment, and Mr. J. E. Utterson Kelso of Brafferton Hall, before the Swale flows into the Ouse, holds a commission in the 2nd Royal Scots. Following the Ure beyond Wensleydale, Lord Bolton, who is vice-chairman of the North Riding Territorial Association, gave shelter to wounded Belgian soldiers at Bolton Hall; and his grandson, Lieutenant William Percy Orde-Powlett of Wensley Hall, fell in action at Ypres. He was the elder son of the Hon. Algar Orde-Powlett, who joined the second 4th Yorkshires directly the war broke out as second in command, and is now in command of a composite battalion on the East Coast. Between the Ure and the Swale,



J. Russell and Sons. Copyright.
MAJOR LORD RONALDSHAY.
4th Battalion Yorkshire Regiment.

Captain Hugh Clervaux Chaytor, who has been killed in action, was the second son of the late Mr. Clervaux Chaytor of Spennithorne Hall; and Major Maxwell E. Rouse, who has been wounded, is the son of the late Mr. Harry Rouse of Firby Hall. The Duke of Leeds, whose castle lies in this district, has done good work with his yacht Aiers on the East Coast throughout the stormy winter.

Further south, Captain Reginald Guy Graham of Norton Conyers, elder son of Sir Reginald Graham, is major in the 5th Battalion of the Yorkshire Regiment. From the central plain of the Riding there are many serving. Captain Frederic Bell of Thirsk Hall, who was missing after the battle of Mons, is a prisoner; while Captain William Thomas Payne-Gallwey, the son of Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey of Thickleby Park, not far from Thirsk, is also missing. Captain J. F. l'Anson of the 1st West Yorkshire Regiment, who was killed in action, was the eldest son of Colonel l'Anson of Howe Park, also near Thirsk, and a member of a family whose name has been linked with the West Yorkshire Regiment since the Crimean War; while a younger brother is in the 2nd North Lancashire Regiment. In Cleveland, the north-eastern corner of the Riding, Colonel Wharton of Skelton Castle, who formerly commanded the 4th Battalion of the Yorkshire Regiment, has now the command of a provisional Home Defence Battalion; while further west Captain A. L. Godman, son of Colonel A. F. Godman, C.B., of Smatton Manor, holds a commission in the Yorkshire Regiment, but, having been wounded, is now serving at the War Office on the Directorate of Military Aeronautics. Another brother, Major Laurence Godman, is serving at the Front with his battery; and yet another, Herbert Dorington (formerly Godman), is in the Yorkshire Hussars in Flanders. In the eastern portion of the Riding, south of the Cleveland hills, Lord Feversham—Lord Helmsley when the war broke out—has been in command of the 1st Yorkshire Hussars, who responded splendidly, more volunteering for foreign service in the late August days than were at first accepted, and the regiment was soon at full strength. He has just returned to Duncombe Park to raise a regiment of farmers and farmers'

sons in the Northern Command. Sir William Worsley of Hovingham Park has two sons serving. The eldest, a second-lieutenant in the Yorkshire Regiment, has been wounded and a prisoner; while the second son holds a commission in the 6th (Service) Battalion of the Yorkshire Regiment. Lieut.-Colonel Sir Mathew Wilson, Bart., is among the many M.P.'s who are serving with the Colours. He has command of the 1st County of London Yeomanry (Middlesex Duke of Cambridge's Hussars). Sir Robert Walker of Sand Hutton Hall, who was in the Special Reserve of the Coldstream Guards, holds a captain's commission in the New Army. Major the Hon. John Dawnay is A.D.C. to Sir John French.

One of the heaviest of the losses of the North Riding was the Hon. Hugh Dawnay, youngest son of Lord Downe, who has lent Wykeham Abbey as a hospital for wounded soldiers. Major Dawnay came from the headquarters staff to command the 2nd Life Guards, and when the German attack on Klein Zillebeke on November 6th burst with sudden force against the French, who fell back, and Cavan's fourth brigade, General Kavanagh deployed the 1st and 2nd Life Guards north of the Zillebeke-Klein-Zillebeke road with the Blues in reserve; and all went well until near Klein Zillebeke, when the brigade halted to allow the French to reoccupy their trenches. The French returned, reporting an advance of the Germans in strength, and General Kavanagh sent a couple of squadrons to stem the rush and suffered a number of casualties in so doing. Among others,

Major Dawnay was killed at the head of his men. "His death," Mr. John Buchan writes, "was fruitful, for the charge in which he fell saved the British position." "In him," he adds, "we lost one of the most brilliant of our younger soldiers, most masterful both in character and brain. He would wish no better epitaph than Napier's immortal words: 'No man died that night with more glory—



Lafayette. Copyright.
LORD FEVERSHAM.
Commanding the 1st Yorkshire Hussars.

yet many died, and there was much glory." What could be added to that tribute but the equally moving words of a corporal of his regiment, who told that the order was given for two hundred of the regiment to storm several farmhouses on the ridge in German hands. "We could not advance under cover, and had to expose ourselves to rifle and shell fire. Major Dawnay, a great favourite with us all, led the charge. We leapt after him. All the way Major Dawnay was in the forefront, and he was the first to reach the farmhouses. We took two, but at the second he met his death. When we realised he was dead a number of us wept. If you knew how we all loved that man you would understand we would willingly have died for him."

M. J.

THE SLACKER.

"He does not come," she said. She—a Nurse—
Out there, "Somewhere in France." Her days and nights
All spent in Active Service. And he—the man—
Healthy and young—dallied at home. Played games,
Alas! While there, out there—in France—
A Greater Game was played, with stakes of Life and Death.

Came a day the little Nurse lay dying;
All her brave young life ebbing away "Somewhere in
France." . . .
. . . So she died. And he—the Slacker—woke up at last
and set to work.

And then for love of her and very shame went to the front,
And though so late, yet not too late, gave up his life.
And dying earned the right to share her honours.

E. B. WARD.

ITALY'S ROAD TO GERMANY.

BY DR. JAMES MURPHY.



THE BRENNER PASS.

THE Brenner Pass is one of the oldest and most historic highways in the world. It is the great gateway through the Eastern Alps, connecting Central Europe with Italy. For over two thousand years the tide of conquest and commerce has surged through here. Through the Brenner the Cymbri came, in the great onslaught on the Roman Republic, and it was the Brenner that re-echoed to the tramp of Attila and his Huns when they poured down upon the Roman Empire. Throughout the Middle Ages the Brenner saw innumerable armies passing to the conquest of the South; and it saw many of them return with their banners drooping and torn.

A little over a hundred years ago the soldiers of Napoleon came up from Italy through the Brenner; but the Tyrolese met them at Sterzing and the Pass was drenched in blood. The memories of that fight are still living in Tyrol, but they must soon give way before the grim reality of the struggle which is being waged there to-day. For once again the Brenner is called upon either to guard Italy or give it over to Teutonic sway. The fighting has not yet come into the centre of the Pass, but before the Italian campaign

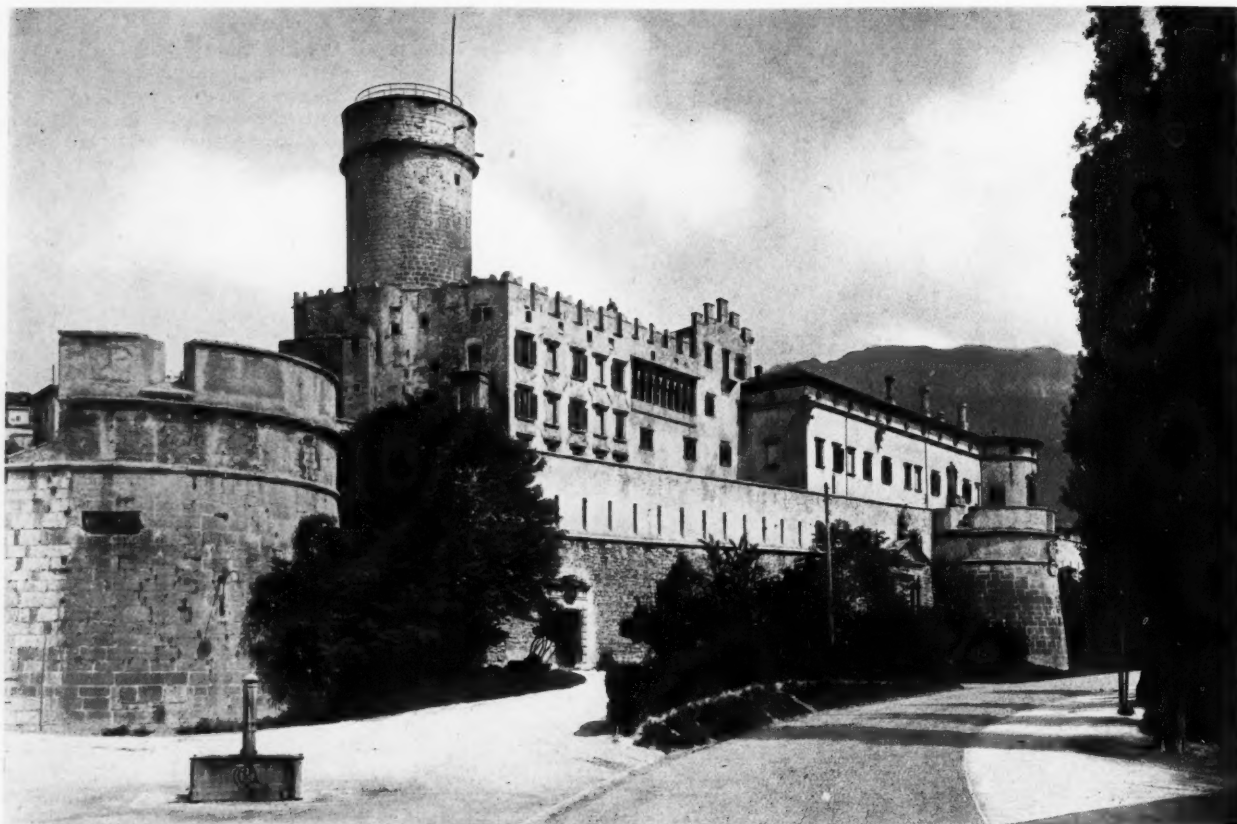
is over we are bound to see a great struggle waged between these Alpine walls. If Italy wins the Pass, Germany will then lie at her mercy. Once she passes over the saddle of the Brenner she will be free to follow northwards in the footsteps of the old Roman legions and plant the Cross of Savoy in Munich or in Augsburg.

The first uses of the Brenner are lost in the twilight of history. It is certain that it was a highway for the Romans as early as 300 B.C., but it did not come into great prominence in Roman history until the end of the second century before Christ. The story of the part it played in the great fight between the Cymbri and the Romans gives the key to the whole meaning that lies behind the Italian campaign to-day.

From their dark German forests the Cymbri came down upon Italy through the Brenner. The Roman troops met them at the mouth of the Pass and a fierce battle took place a little north of the modern Ala. Down the slopes, tobogganing on the huge shields, came the big, brawny, skin-clad savages. Rome had never before met such warriors or such strange weapons. The mountains seemed to pour them forth in interminable streams, and the legions of the Republic



THE DANTE MONUMENT.



TRENT: THE OLD PALACE OF THE PRINCE BISHOPS.

broke before them. On to the conquest of Venice the northern hordes swept; but they were met by Roman reinforcements on the upper bank of the Po and driven back to their mountain fastnesses. That was in B.C. 101.

The Empire knew that these hordes were every day gathering stronger in the Alps, and it lived in daily fear of them for over a generation. Then Augustus decided to force the invaders back into the Danube Valley and establish the military barriers of Rome as far as the heights of the Eastern Alps. Augustus planned the campaign and it was carried out by his sons, Tiberius and Drusus.

In the valley of the Upper Adige, where the mountains almost meet overhead, the opposing forces met. The mountain warriors clung like cats to the sides of the peaks and hurled stones down upon the Roman soldiers. The Adige ran red with blood, and the Roman legions began to swerve; but reinforcements were brought, and the day began to go against the mountaineers. Then the mountain women came to the aid of their men. Avalanche after avalanche of stones they hurled down, and when no more stones could be found, they threw their children in the faces of the Roman warriors.

The soldiers of the Empire won the day. In commemoration of the victory the Pons Drusus was built across the Adige at the mouth of the Brenner gorge. The town of Bozen stands on the spot to-day. Once conquered, the mountain tribes quietly settled down and became good citizens of Rome. The Emperor Claudius, son of Drusus, built the Via Claudia through the Pass, and in the main the modern Brenner road follows the line of the old

Roman highway. From the moment it was opened the Brenner became the favourite commercial highway between Italy and Central Europe. Through it the wines and fruits of the south were carried into Germany, while the hides and cheese and butter and wood of the Danubian plain were welcomed on the other side of the Alps. But salt was the main article of trade brought south. It came from the great mines at Hall, which are still in operation, and are said to contain sufficient saline rock to keep up the normal output for another thousand years. It is interesting to note that when it reached the saddle of the Pass, where Franzensfeste stands to-day, the current of trade was divided. One great portion passed

eastward through the Puster Valley and thence over the Pass of Monte Croce to Aquileia, the Queen of the Adriatic. Detachments of Attila's Huns followed the same route to Aquileia, and before that time it had been traversed by Julius Cæsar on several occasions. This pass, leading into the Brenner, is scarcely ever noticed in modern guide books; but within the last few weeks it has assumed a place of importance in the world's history. Cadorna is following the steps of Julius Cæsar, and trying to force his way into the Brenner by the Puster Valley.

As the traveller leaves the saddle of the Pass and trudges on southwards the whole character of the surroundings begins to change. He is coming into Latin territory and moving among Latin folk. The language changes, first to a dialect of the old Roman tongue and then to the *lingua liquida* of modern Italy. When he stands in the Piazza at Trent he is in the heart of



SIXTEENTH CENTURY PALACE AT TRENT.

things Italian. And if he have sense he will linger long in Trent; for every stone will tell him a story, and he will learn more of Italy here in this Alpine stronghold than he might learn in Rome, for the people are yearning to be once more in the lap of their Mother Italy, and their Italian fervour has a strong absorbing atmosphere.

The city of Trent assumed a place of prominence in Roman life soon after the Brenner road had been constructed. It was the first military fortress built by the Romans on the southern slope of the Pass, and from then to now it has been the most important stronghold commanding the entrance to Italy.

Perched on the shoulder of the mountain, commanding the road and the river valley, it offered an excellent site for the ballistæ and catapults of the Romans, the trebuchets and mangonels of the Middle Ages, and the muzzle-loading cannon of Napoleon.

The redeeming of Trent is one of the great objects of the Italian campaign to-day, just for the same reason as led the Romans first to build it on the slope of the Brenner. Whoever holds Trent commands the entrance to Italy. Up to now it has been in Austria's hands and Italy has been at her mercy. Until Italy shall have planted the Cross of Savoy on its towers, where the Eagles of Rome were first planted two thousand years ago, she cannot feel safe in her own house.

But there is another and deeper reason urging the Italian on towards Trent. It is a priceless jewel stolen from his crown and he must have it back. For not only is Trent thoroughly Italian in its people and modes of life, but all its artistic beauty is due to the genius of Italy.

The famous Castello di Buon Consiglio was first erected by Roman hands. It was a soldiers' barrack. In the Middle Ages it was rebuilt and became the Palace of the Prince Bishop of Trent. Of late years it has repassed into secular control, and now the soldiers of Austria stand sentinel within it.

Little of the original fortress remains, beyond the main foundation walls and the massive round tower. Loggie and battlements, in the style of the fourteenth century, have been added; and such a wealth of sculpture and fresco was lavished on the walls during the Cinquecento that not a bare spot of the old wall remains. The result is a marvellously picturesque effect. Broken staircases, crumbling halls and wandering corridors glow with a richness of colour that never seems to grow dim. The hand of the Giottesque decorator is side by side with that of the rococo artist. The ceilings of the meanest cellars and chambers are gilded and their floors are set with majolica tiles. What a strange circuit of history the old fortress has lived through. First a Roman garrison, then a stronghold of some marauding northern prince, later, and for centuries, the home of an archbishop, the scene of the great council of Trent when the bishops of the Catholic world gathered together to formulate their doctrines against Luther, now an Austrian barrack, and destined soon to see its first founders back within its halls. Before many months shall have passed the Italian soldiers will probably be in the stronghold of Trent, and the soft accents of the Latin tongue will awaken in its halls memories that are two thousand years old.

As you wander through the streets of Trent every voice speaks to you of Italy. Every glimpse of beauty that meets your eye is Italian. As you enter the cathedral every arch and every capital and every altar-piece breathes to you the

spirit of the south. Beneath the shadow of the Palazzo Tabarelli you will stand and admire once more the genius of Bramante.

The frescoes and sculptures that decorate the smaller palaces have ten thousand replicas in the south, but scarcely one in the north. As the mountains throw their shadows over the towers in the evening the rattle of the carts on the stony streets dies away, and the voices of the peasant singers will fall on your ear, not in the harsh measured tones of the north, but in the weird long liquid cadences of Lombardy and Venice.

And then your soul will be filled with that nameless longing which is in the heart of every Tridentine. You will thirst for the south. When the Austrian gendarme meets you on the street, and you pass by the Castello where the Austrian soldier stands guard, you will think of them as gaolers of the soul of Italy. And you will wander instinctively to the Piazza di Dante, where Tridentine hands have raised a monument to the great Florentine. Dante lived through part of his exile here in Trent; and the people of Trent have raised this monument to be the outer expression of that yearning for Mother Italy which they have in common with the soul of the great poet. Southwards he looks, towards Italy, as if calling for deliverance. The great Exile watches over the exiled children of the Motherland and awaits their redemption. Welcome voices are already sounding in the Pass and reverberating through the mountains. The hour of deliverance has struck. Before another winter's snow comes the

helmet of the Austrian will probably have left the Castello and the Cross of Savoy will be waving from its towers.



A PALACE BY BRAMANTE.

"OLE LUK-OIE" IN A NEW CAPACITY.

MANY people know by this time that "Ole Luk-Oie," who thrilled them with "The Green Curve," and "Eye-witness," who thrills them, as far as he is allowed to do so, from the front, are one and the same person. There should, therefore, be a warm welcome for "The Great Tab Dope" (Blackwood). "Ole Luk-Oie" is always at his best when he sticks closely to soldiering; but it is not his only subject. He can make our flesh creep with his account of the fight between the Praying Mantes and the Scorpions, as shown, enormously enlarged, by the cinematograph; and this is in some ways an extraordinarily clever story, although we are not certain that it is not in the end a brilliant failure. He can also make us laugh rather shamefacedly over the riot in a restaurant caused by a little boy dropping *éclair*s on to the bald head of the conductor of a Hungarian band. But we like him best when he is serious and on the serious subject of fighting. "Full Back," the story of one aeroplane heroically ramming another in order to prevent the carrying of vitally important news, is quite admirable in its restrained excitement. The description of the devoted airman going up alone, searching the whole sweep of sky for his prey, sighting it in the distance, hunting it down and finally hurling it to destruction is as well done as such a thing can be. There is a very vivid picture of life in a blockhouse in the South African War, in which we feel instinctively that the talk of the sergeant and his little garrison of "Tommies" is true to life and free from exaggeration. Indeed, his talk is always good and natural; he can make not only Englishmen but Americans talk well, as he shows in the story of "The Great Tab Dope," where an enterprising American forges for himself out of a discarded chest protector the red gorgets of a staff officer. But the two chief qualities in "Ole Luk-Oie" are, first, his power of creating an indefinable atmosphere of excitement, and second (perhaps we should have put it first), his obvious devotion as a soldier to his great profession. That stands out on every page.

A SEALING TRIP TO THE SCILLIES—III.

BY DR. FRANCIS HEATHERLEY.



C. J. King.

A GREY SEAL NURSERY.

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THE way a seal's head silently and unexpectedly comes into view above the surface, and stays there quietly surveying the coast until you have only three more yards to get across to bring it into reasonable distance, and the exasperating way in which it vanishes just as you are ready, to reappear farther off, made photographing them at sea a sport which I found could be continued indefinitely with a good deal of excitement, but with no results worth keeping.

I devoted half a day, in brilliant sunshine, to the cub in the big bay as he swam to and fro, and at the end of that time came to the conclusion that trying to keep track of him on the finder of my twin lens, and have him in focus on the rare occasions when he put his head out near enough to me to make the shot profitable, was trying to the eyes, but might be good practice for spotting submarines.

As it seemed to me that he ought by now to have been in the water quite long enough even for a baby seal, I, as a change, tried to get him in the act of landing. After playing about in the seaweed of some submerged rocks, he gradually drifted nearer, and then at last I might have had him, for he swam straight

towards me and started to clamber on to a rock just roft. in front of me; but just as I was waiting for him to show to better advantage as he clawed at the rock and hung on for the next wave to give him a leg up, to my great disappointment he allowed it to wash him off instead, and shortly afterwards I lost sight of him. As his attempt just opposite to me showed that I had picked out his favourite landing-place, I thought I would wait a bit longer. After watching the empty sea for some time I fancied that I heard above the rush of the surf a voice calling me from behind, and raised myself to look round. When I turned back to my job I met the full stare of the cow, her great head out of the water, just far enough away to make her unprofitable as a photograph. There she remained for some minutes, turning her gaze to left and right of me, and then some 20yds. behind her I caught sight of the cub's head at the

apex of a good wake as he swam rapidly towards me. I was afraid she was going to remain and warn him off, but, still looking towards me, she gently sank from sight, and I was much relieved at her leaving the line clear for the cub, who continued rapidly on his bee-line for the landing-place. He had apparently



F. Heatherley

THE WEEK-OLD BABY GETS ANGRY.

Copyright.

made up his mind that his little swim of four hours in the water was long enough. I was settling how many plates I could spare for him when suddenly there was a swirl, a growl, and the cub jumped half out of the water. His submerged mother had evidently met and startled him. It may have been nothing but a coincidence, but I, thinking otherwise, moved on to another pitch.

One of the most interesting islands I visited was Gorregan. On our first visit of inspection to the western islands we had not time to land on it, and my general recollection of it was a low, rugged, rocky islet in the midst of turbulent waters. My second visit was during the lowest ebb of a spring tide, and all the islands were, of course, more than double their usual size. Gorregan was now a black island with a grey summit, and the first rocks, with all their wealth of marine vegetation, india-rubber palms, with glassy masses of prickly cucumbers at their bases, with here and there a pink sea-urchin, like ripe fruit clinging to strange weeds and here and there a natural aquarium, evidently full of hidden wonders, tempted investigation, but as inspectors of seal nurseries we had no time for the wonders of the deep; but as I watched our boatman's boy leading the way, I was again impressed with the superiority of the bare foot for rock work, as the footgear which is suitable for dry rocks is treacherous on seaweed



UNDER WATER IN THE ROCK POOL.



EXPRESSING DISPLEASURE.



and *vice versa*. We made our way over the slippery rocks to the usual landing-place on the island, which was also the seals' favourite route. This was a broad slipway, and arrived at its foot, our boy sniffed the air, and declared authoritatively that we should find seals as he could smell them. King and I, not having keen noses, were not in a position to confirm his observation.

A slipway at an angle not far off 45deg. struck me as being far more suited for a seal to slither down than for me to get up with a camera and a few more breakable things, so that I could fully appreciate the boldness required when Sam in his unregenerate days, *i.e.*, ante October 1st, 1914, on one occasion found a big seal at the head of the slipway snarling down at him. He climbed up, clubbed her apparently to death and then went to look for her cub, which he found, and after skinning it returned wondering how much he would get for the mother's skin, but his difficulty was solved by finding that she had taken it away with her.

When I was nearly at the top of the slipway, King, who had disappeared over the top, called, asking me if I could hear a cub quite close to him. This rather puzzled me, as I had several times heard one calling some way off and which we interviewed later on; but when I got to him he said: "Listen," and I heard something like a cat spitting below our feet. We were standing on a jumble of round rocks like a heap of gigantic marbles, and, peering down between them, we saw the head of a cub about two layers down. How it squeezed its way down and whether it would ever get out again seemed doubtful, but perhaps the tide would give it a leg up. But not far away, on the floor of a cellar cavern roft, below us, formed by an overhanging rock, was the corpse of a drowned cub.

Although closely adjacent, Gorregan and Rosevean were very different in appearance. The latter had plenty of giant mallows, with here and there a bloom, with one or two tortoiseshell butterflies flying about among the ruins of the houses which were built for the workmen engaged in building the Bishop Lighthouse, and we admired the road between the houses and the landing place made by drilling holes in the rocks and so blowing off their rounded tops. But Gorregan was absolutely desolate, not a particle of vegetation anywhere, for nowhere did the Atlantic allow any soil to accumulate. And yet, what an experience it would be to lie there in safe shelter during a big gale and hear the seas playing marbles.

I do not know whether there is any physical basis for the fishermen's belief in the power of the seventh wave and in the three kicks of the tide, but I received the latter all right, for at 6 a.m. one morning, after renewed sounds of activity in the boom-gurgle-thump-splash variety, there came a crash against the side of the shed which caused the three-ply of which it is made to bulge in, and water trickled down from the shutter. Then after a minute or two there came another, harder crash, and water appeared trickling down the back of the shed,



F. Heatherley.

THE WEEK-OLD BABY SHOWS FIGHT.

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C. J. King. A GREY SEAL SUPPORTING HIMSELF ON HIS FORE-FLIPPERS. Copyright.



F. Heatherley.

A CUB ON ROSEVEAN.

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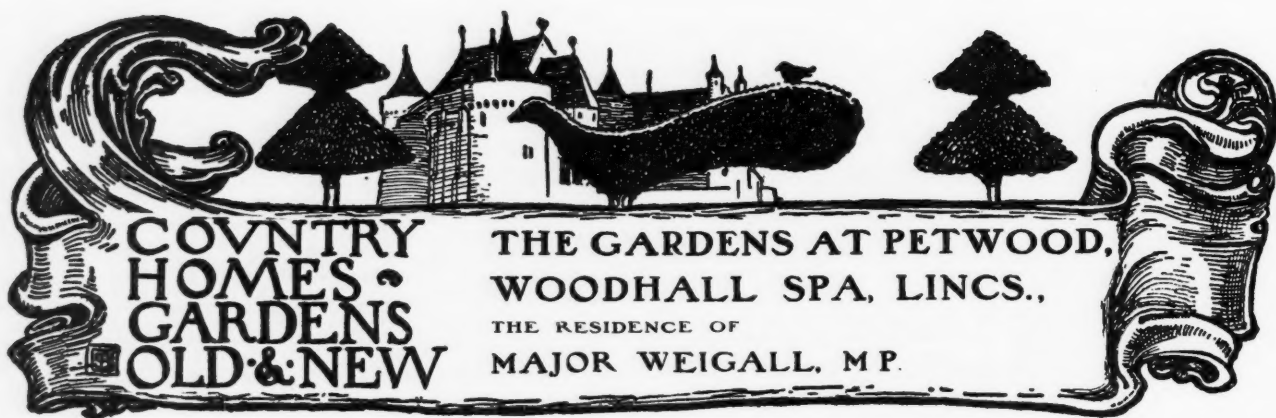
THE ELDEST CUB RETREATING TO THE SEA.

which caused me to do some rapid thinking, in the middle of which came another wave, which caused the side to bulge in as if, with a little more power, another might stave it in. This wave apparently went clean over the shed, as trickles appeared all round; but as there was no sign of the shed itself being shifted I settled to stay where I was, as, if I got caught at the door with any of the apparatus, I should get drenched. This, however, was the third and last kick of the tide, as, although I waited for another half hour, nothing further happened, and when I awoke and opened the shutter, one half of the bay was in brilliant sunshine, but, alas! not a seal was visible—not even my pet cub.

After I had cooked and eaten my breakfast and had another look at the papers, I sallied out with my aeroscope. But a walk round the island proved fruitless, though right away on the farthest rock, where I had seen it being suckled, lay the youngest cub asleep in the sun. As this rock was still cut off by the tide,

there was nothing to do but wait until the tide allowed me to cross. What I wanted to get was a film showing the cub asleep and then waking up and performing its toilet. Although being barefooted enabled me to get quite close to him, I was afraid that the rattle of the aeroscope—it makes a noise like a sewing machine with a racing propeller—would wake him as soon as I started it; but soon after I started it I was afraid he would never wake, and it was only by shouting loudly that he at last opened his eyes. When he did see me I realised what a mistake my previous treatment had been, as he evidently recognised me as the brute who had attacked him a day or two before, and was consequently uneasy and hostile. So as no toilet was forthcoming I was compelled to continue in the same strain and provoke him to attack me. After this I stopped the aeroscope and tried to lure him down to a deep rock pool, but had to give it up, as, owing to his excited attempts to get at me, I was afraid he might fall on his head and hurt himself.





THERE are gardens old and gardens new. Sentimental preference naturally inclines to those which have been swept by the rains of many winters and warmed by the suns of many a summer, gardens with ripe brick walls or grey stone terraces, ancient trees and smooth lawns, sharing all the intimate personal associations of the houses to which they are attached. But even the oldest gardens once were young, and a fine and well planned garden, just entering upon its fragrant career, is not without a charm of its own.

Such a garden is that of Petwood, Woodhall Spa, the residence of Major Weigall, M.P., and Mrs. Weigall. The estate itself was wild woodland only eight years ago, and several of the garden's principal features have been completed within the last two. Woodhall Spa, a pretty Lincolnshire cure-place, had no existence till a lucky chance early last century revealed the presence of unsuspected medicinal springs on what for centuries had been a flat, uninteresting heath. Petwood adjoins the park in which the pump room is situate, and its vigorous plantations of pine and birch form a delightful background to two sides of Petwood's

gardens. The silver birches, which thrive uncommonly well on the light sandy soil, contribute not a little to the constant beauty of the scene. Even in winter their trunks never wholly lose the gleam of silver, and in spring and summer the dance of their light leaves is never still.

Little need be said of the house. It began as a large, red roofed, many-gabled, half-timbered villa, and from time to time more gables and more red roofs have been added, with extensions on either wing. Its most successful feature, perhaps, is the shaded portico along the south front, which commands a charming view over the whole expanse of the gardens and provides, as it were, their orientation. From the centre of this portico the eye travels in a straight line down the flagged path between the rose pergolas to the distant Atalanta Temple, set on a gentle eminence at the far extremity of the grounds.

The gardens everywhere display a passion for flowers and a cultivated eclectic taste. Why not? In planning a large modern garden one is free to indicate a comprehensive love of all garden styles. All manner of experiments—assuming always that good taste checks extravagance of fancy—are possible with a garden of





IN THE TEMPLE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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which the first thing required is that it shall provide a feast of glorious colour and gladden the eyes as well as the hearts of all who enter it with the gaiety and perfume of its flowers. A perfect formal garden is a lovely jewel of perfection, but it calls for a certain stateliness in the house at its side, and you can no more depart from its rules than you can add another line to a sonnet. But a garden primarily intended for flowers is far more independent of its setting. Its owner can let his mind and fancy play in it. He can collect beautiful garden furniture—pillars and gates and garden gods, and dials and marble seats, and set them down almost carelessly. The flowers will make their own harmonies. Natural taste there must be, and the evidence of a controlling mind, else a big garden becomes a mere horticultural collection; but the gardens people love the most are those in which there is not too scrupulous an exactitude, and where some latitude is given to the profusion and the wilfulness of Nature.

Petwood is a garden of the latter sort. It is a catholic garden. Here and there are many pleasant hints and recollections of formality. There are long lines of yew walks,



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SUNK GARDEN FROM THE WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

dwarf as yet, for the garden is young, and not yet displaying that sombre density and air of reserve which distinguish those yew hedges which have seen the centuries pass. The topiarist, too—though that is a big name for an under-gardener with a pair of shears—has been at work, and pairs of pheasants stiffly mount guard in the green alleys. The statuary is oddly mixed. There is a good deal of beautiful

old iron-work in the gates and screens, sometimes yoked to stone pillars suggesting a different place of origin. There are pergolas of wood, brick and stone, and gods of stone, lead and iron; but they contrive to blend together in admirable conjunction and to bring their diversities into a happy unity.

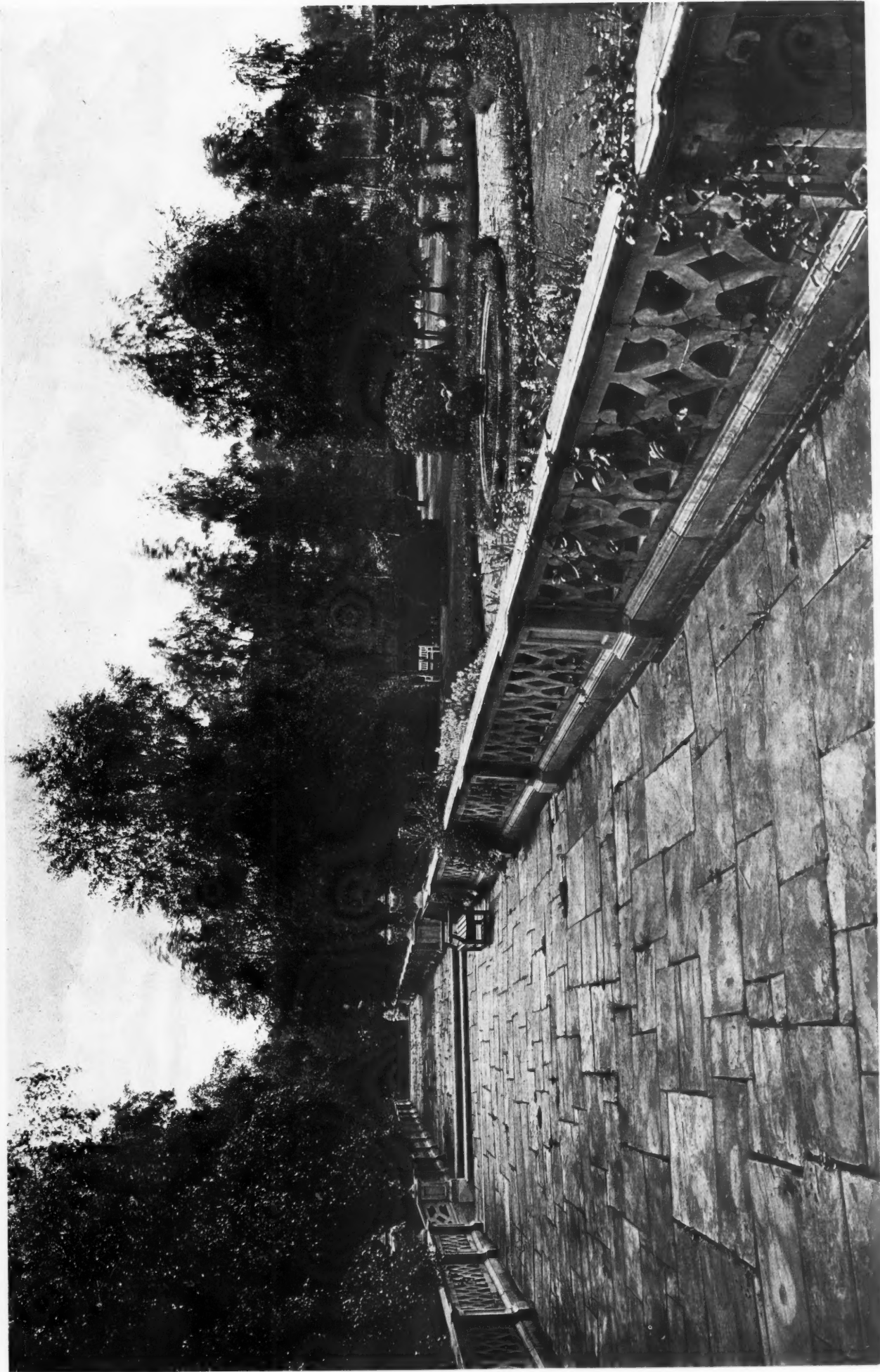
The gardens are full of colour, because they are full of flowers. Colour is evidently loved for its own sake at Petwood. There are great sheets of colour along the broad rhododendron borders; the azalea garden, down by the lake, is aflame with its more delicate fires; the round rose garden perpetually blushes, the summer through, from crimson to pale pink, and almost everywhere the ramblers toss their button-like blooms in spendthrift and inexhaustible



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THE POOL GARDEN.

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THE TERRACE WALK.

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THE ATALANTA TEMPLE.

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LOOKING WESTWARD FROM THE TEMPLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

profusion, as though there were always millions and millions more of yet unopened buds.

But it is time to speak more in detail. The general plan of Petwood on the garden side is that of an oblong, with the house occupying one of the narrow ends, and the various gardens extending round the greater part of the other three sides. In the middle are various lawns, and beyond the raised terrace which divides the grounds in two is a large cricket field and pond. Starting from the west wing, the gardens begin with what is called the pergola lawn (seen in illustration). This is bounded by a yew hedge, and in the wide border between the hedge and the pergola, which sweeps round in a wide curve, are masses of delphiniums and pæonies. The colour scheme for the pergolas last year was laburnum, wistaria and pink roses. Next is the Horse Shoe Garden, which calls for no remark; and adjoining is a charming little sunk garden. This has three levels, flower beds and smooth turf alternating, and from the stone path on the upper level flights of steps lead down to the flagged centre, containing

house. The terrace has a pierced balustrade and is of spacious width.

Continuing along the path, we reach the Round Rose Garden, which is one of the chief beauties of Petwood. It is crossed by a broad gravel path, in the centre of which is a round stone seat supported by four lions. From this a pillar rises, carrying a four-sided dial, and above the dial four little figures of Atlas support their globe of stone. Grass paths radiate from the seat to the circumference of the garden, but all else within the charmed circle is roses—roses in the beds, roses festooned on posts and chains, and roses in the sweet-briar hedges. Here, too, is another pair of delicate iron gates, and just without are two broad stone seats of the type which Alma-Tadema delighted to paint in his Roman gardens of imperial times. There are said to be forty varieties of roses in this rosy Eden, one for each article of the rose-grower's faith and one over.

Beyond lies the Azalea Garden. This is not yet complete, for the colour scheme has not been decided upon, and



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THE VIEW FROM THE HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

an oblong basin, in the centre of which stands a childish figure in stone. There are lilies in the water, and great clumps of Siberian iris at each of the four corners. A pergola of roses forms one boundary, and low yew hedges the other three. Like all sunk gardens, it conveys an indefinable sense of calm seclusion and studied aloofness, but this one at Petwood is too open to wear the somewhat cloistered look characteristic of many, and here, as everywhere around, the flowering plants are the plants best loved. The colour scheme of the herbaceous borders, when the photograph was taken, was yellow and red.

Continuing down the yew walk, we pass through a pair of handsome Spanish iron gates, their pillars crowned by fine old stone vases, and the gates themselves mantled with clematis and roses. Just to the left, at one end of the tennis lawn, stands an iron grille of fine workmanship, with graceful stone pillars carrying beautiful vases. The grille is particularly well placed, close to the steps which give access to the terrace, which, till four years ago, formed the boundary fronting the

the heather plants, which are to bear the azaleas company, have not been put in. Here we are at the edge of the round pond, in the island centre of which three graceful little Nereids, copied from a fountain at Versailles, disport themselves, while the waters reflect the columns of the Atalanta Temple which crowns the raised, curving walk on which it is set. The temple is a neat structure of six stone pillars, surmounted by a dome of open iron-work on which Mercury, caduceus in hand, is poised in the very act of descent. On either side of the temple is a pillared pergola with a charming wooded background in which the birch predominates. Nor is the temple empty. A leaden goddess stands there on her pedestal, but the rather simpering and affected figure hardly suggests the fleet-footed Atalanta, though she carries in her right hand the apple which made her lose the race. But if Atalanta herself is a little disappointing, her temple is charming, and Mercury, above her head, looks for all the world as though he had just flown over the tops of the birches in his skyey errand and had accomplished what the aviators call a

perfectly smooth landing. The temple, as has been said, is in a straight line with the centre of the house, and one of the photographs gives an attractive picture of the lovely vista, taken from the portico and looking down the flagged walk. The flight of steps in the middle distance is that by which the raised terrace is crossed, and beyond it is the broad cricket ground.

A little stream of clear water, hardly more than a runnel, flows across the gardens by the pond and provides the necessary moisture for the Bog Garden, which abounds in all manner of marsh plants, with arum lilies in the more open spaces. An irregular path of broken flagstones, arranged with that seeming artlessness which is by no means innocent of art, wanders deviously through this garden and brings us to the Temple Garden on the other side of the grounds. Here, in this large rectangular garden, a perfect success has been achieved. The temple itself, raised three steps above the ground, is of stone pillars, carrying a stone roof surmounted by four stone vases. It is plain, severe almost, but dignified and satisfying, and it depends for interior adornment on big vases of flowers. Facing to the west, it is flanked by high brick walls, broken by niches for statuary, and these walls are carried rectangularly some little way down the sides, and form, as it were, the garden's sheltered head. In the middle is a broad lawn, with another Mercury on a pedestal in the centre, and down either side are brick pergolas and beyond them rose hedges of Dorothy Perkins ramblers. The pergolas terminate in circular form, and one of the prettiest details in the whole garden occurs in one of these—a little stone figure of a girl playing with a bird, standing in a flower bed, surrounded on all sides by flowers. The colour scheme of the Temple Garden last year was pink, mauve and purple, and there were great masses of delphiniums and phloxes in the beds. The expanse of brick wall near the

temple is covered by ivy, acanthus Vecchii, Gloire de Versailles and buddleias, jasmines and clematis.

Besides the gardens already mentioned there is the Wild Garden, where grassy walks lead you among the delightful birches; an Italian rose garden, with an iron well-head in the centre; many lawns and charming vistas, and rhododendron walks on the entrance side of the house, which in their season are a sheer delight of colour. But the principal features are those described.

Many minds have been brought to the perfecting of these delights. The Sunk Garden and the round Rose Garden were designed by Mr. Harold Peto; the Bog Garden by Mr. Wallace; the Temple Garden by Mrs. Weigall herself. Mr. Goldring gave advice as to colour schemes, and the flower borders were thought out by him and Mrs. Weigall together.

Only one more word remains to be said. A garden of such recent construction is too new to possess many associations. But Petwood has one which even the most historic garden in the land might treasure. The outbreak of war last August found the house full of guests for the annual cricket festival. Within forty-eight hours all these light-hearted folk had gone, and Petwood had become transformed into a military convalescent hospital, with resident doctor and nursing staff, and beds for some fifty soldiers. Such it has remained ever since, and many scores of soldiers have been nursed back to health in these delightful wards and gardens. On the playing ground beyond the terrace the football posts were up all through the winter, and now that the season of flowers has come again, these gardens among the pine woods will exercise even more surely their healing qualities. The beauty of Petwood and the generosity and kindness of Mrs. Weigall, alike as hostess and as nurse, will remain a fragrant memory in the life of many a gallant soldier of the great war.

F.

DUTCH TOWERS.—II.

BY SIR MARTIN CONWAY (WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE LATE ARTHUR MARSHALL).

IN a former article I discussed a few of the ancient towers of Holland which are attached to public buildings. Let us now turn our attention to the towers forming part of private houses or châteaux. In mediæval days every important country house was

a castle. Every nobleman needed a fortified dwelling place for his home. It was not merely a question of a base for waging local warfare. That kind of irregularity did not last down to a late date in many parts. The trouble was robber bands which, in disturbed periods, roved about and

did no little mischief. Defence was necessary against them, and the house of every well-to-do person needed to be strong.

We are accustomed to think of Holland as a busy commercial country—one in which the towns were opulent and the rich people were merchants. That, however, was in the main a post-Reformation state of affairs. In mediæval days the towns of Holland were unimportant, and such wealth as there was lay mainly in the hands of a landed aristocracy. The old Dutch nobility was of this kind, and did not differ in character from the aristocracy of other European countries. Few of these families were of outstanding



GABLES AT DE HORST.

wealth. Most were probably relatively poor. But they had their little castles scattered about, so that if we could visit the country, as it was, say, about the year 1500, we should probably be surprised to find on the site of many an existing village or town, as well as in the depths of agricultural districts, a much greater number of small castles than can now be traced by their remains. In some parts they were more numerous than in others, being fewest where the greatest wealth is collected to-day; for what are now the best lands were then covered with water or were impassable bogs.

Tourists visiting Holland go from one city to another, attracted by the well understood charms of Dutch streets and municipal buildings, churches, and galleries. There is little to call a visitor's attention to Dutch country life; indeed, unless one has good friends living in a country house, there is no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the pleasant home life of the country gentry in Holland. It is true that very few are the old families still inhabiting the houses and possessing the lands of their ancestors. Trade and commerce rooted themselves so deeply into the fabric of national life in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as to obliterate almost completely any distinct land-holding or land-working class. Everyone took a hand in commercial adventure, and those who made money, if they invested some of it in land, kept most of it employed in commercial enterprises. Even the successful artists of Holland's great age risked some of their savings in foreign trade. We may find Rembrandt described as a "merchant" in an official document, and when things went amiss with him financially he attributed his position to losses in trading. These losses and his other misfortunes were not due, as is commonly supposed, to his extravagance, nor to wastefulness in acquiring works of art. His investments in the latter were sound enough, and so was his purchase of house property. What brought him down was the Anglo-Dutch war, which, for all its glory, had disastrous economical effects on Holland, lasting through the critical years, for him, from 1653 to 1660.

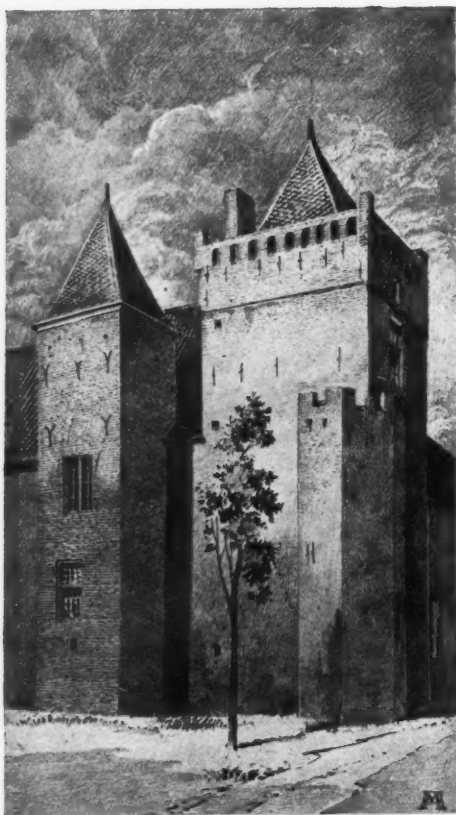
If, then, the Dutch artists of the seventeenth century took a hand in commercial enterprise, the old landed aristocracy became equally involved. Before long there was no sharp line of distinction to be drawn between gentry and traders. Commerce gave wealth; only those families could remain wealthy who devoted some of their energies to the great national industry in one form or another. Of course, where a passion of industry possessed the whole nation, agriculture received at least its due share of

attention. Indeed, it was pursued with a new vigour, a new inventiveness. Land won at vast expense from the water was not likely to be poorly cultivated. Improvement in agriculture went forward rapidly. New crops were introduced, and the ground was made to yield more by a better system of cultivation. Roots in particular received attention, and there ensued a great advance in the cattle trade

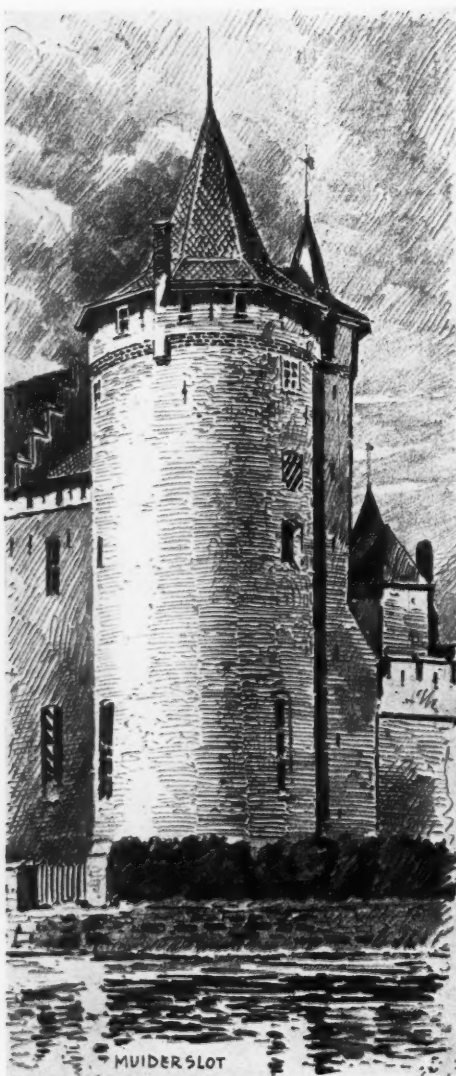


KANNENBERG.

and the production of cheese. Thus even the pure agriculturist became as much infected with new business methods as any other manufacturer, and Dutch society was completely industrialised. Side by side with the old aristocracy, who had thus become transformed by trade, arose a new wealthy commercial class, who were swiftly leavened with a certain aristocratic tendency, and intermarriage



ASSUMBERG.



MUIDERSLOT.

took place between the two classes.

This mingling of old with new in the Dutch upper classes finds expression in the very houses in which they dwelt. Of course, the building of new houses went forward apace, especially in the large rich towns. Amsterdam, for example, was almost rebuilt, and it was not exceptional. Country houses likewise sprang up as a sense of security became spread abroad. It was no longer necessary to build a fortress for defence against bands of robbers. Even foreign invasion was not feared. Thus the new country houses could be of a type corresponding with peaceful conditions, and fancy, no longer fettered to towers and crenellated walls, was free to play with light decorative features.

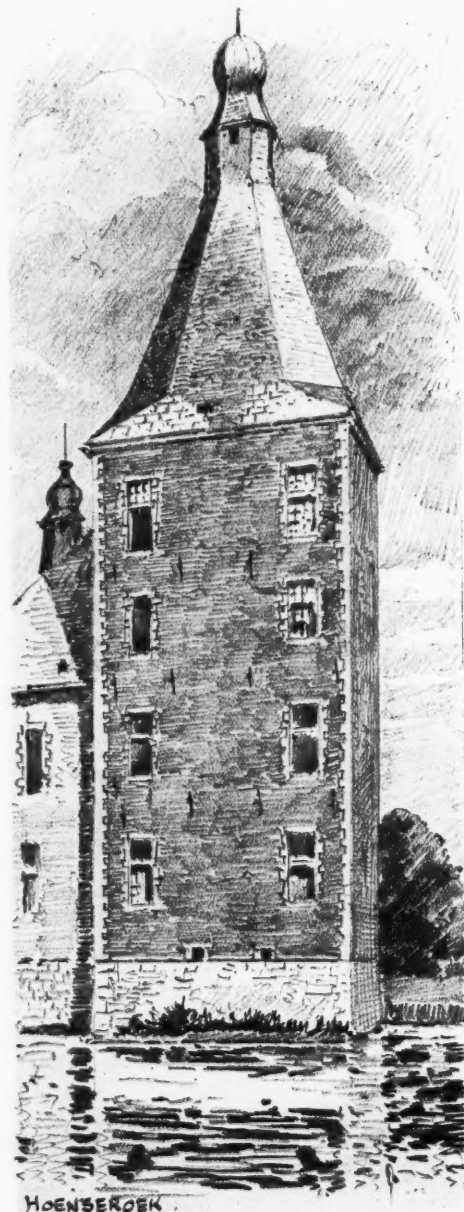
De Horst is an excellent example of a country house of the new type. It is a delightful composition besides

being visibly the casing of a number of spacious and well-lit chambers, within which the life of a large family could be comfortably carried on. The high roof is a notable feature. The cranes in the gables show that ample storage room was provided within it. Here, in fact, we have evidence of the influence of industrial tradition upon country as well as town. In towns the high roofs covered warehouses, beneath which were the living-rooms. The merchant kept his goods over his head. This habit gave the keynote to Dutch domestic town architecture. The forms devised for towns were, as we here perceive, applied in the country. I have never seen De Horst, but the drawing reproduced tells its own tale. Only in a thoroughly industrialised country could such a type of house have been built outside the walls of a city. We might multiply such examples, but one suffices, and the more surely in that it is so complete and so uninjured by the tampering of later generations.

Rarer, of course, though more attractive to the lover of the picturesque, are the country houses in which mediæval portions have been preserved and incorporated with additions of a corresponding later date. Of these several examples are given. They have had to be sought out, and do not lie along the normal route of the tourist through Holland. The difference between a building architecturally beautiful and one architecturally picturesque lies in this, that the

beauty of the former is the result of the artistic purpose of an architect, that of the latter is due to the decorative hand of Time. Nine times out of ten a truly picturesque building is the patchwork of two or three different ages. It has been added to or has had parts replaced, as the needs of different generations required. Here a window has been cut in, there one has been blocked up. A new sort of roof has been put on, a storey added, a wing thrown out. There may be much art in the way this is done, or there may be none at all. In the long run the result is sure to be picturesque if each change has been dictated by the honest needs of a working world, which change from age to age.

Assumberg is a fourteenth century chateau situated between Haarlem and Alkmaar. It has been greatly altered



HOENSEROEK.



RENSWOUDE, GELDERLAND.

from its original state, but in the view given of it the mediæval element predominates. Of course, windows have been cut into the old tower walls, though many of the original slits remain. The top of the smaller tower is entirely renewed, but the larger retains its arched crenellations. The house behind the towers has been much altered. A wholly new kind of roof surmounts walls once presumably crenellated. In this coupling of old and new we have an outward and visible expression of social changes, the transformation of a feudal landholder into a Renaissance squire. The château of Muiderslot preserves externally a completer aspect of mediævalism. The great tower retains its original roof laid upon the machicolations, the only change made being that the embrasures are transformed into windows. Other windows have been cut in lower down. A battlemented curtain wall is preserved below on the right, and over it we see other original towers. Even the main building on the left is apparently little altered. The artist has chosen his point of view so as to exclude as far as possible the alterations and additions made at a later date.

At the château of Rechteren in Overijssel, nothing of the old building is preserved except the high tower and, it may be, certain substructures, which do not concern us. The machicolations are old, and the roof that rests on them has a fifteenth century character. All else is no earlier than the seventeenth century, and some parts are yet later. But what a delightful group it all makes, with the well proportioned bridge in front and the established family tradition expressed in the coronetted arms, carved large upon it! Only a part of the almost festive gateway has been allowed to remain—just enough to contrast most happily with the grimly plain tower; but the bulging curves below are echoed by similar forms in the bulbous roof, whose architect already felt some premonition of the freedom for fancy which was to come.

As for Hoenſeroek, there is little trace of the mediæval there. The foundation courses may be ancient, but the superstructure is inspired by an ancient tradition rather than incorporates any old work. This is not an old tower altered, but a new one built to some extent on old lines. The capacious roof storey is very different from the earlier form as we find it at Muiderslot.

At Kannenberg we have another instance of a seventeenth century house, in the design of which an ancient tradition is to some degree preserved. The tower was built at the same time as the rest, and all its architectural features belong to its own day; yet the whole group has a sort of mediæval

aspect, reminding us vaguely of fourteenth century Assumberg.

Renswoude in Gelderland is a house mainly built in the eighteenth century, but incorporating some older parts. There is, indeed, hardly an ancient feature visible, just a quaint shape or two relieved against the sky to break the monotony of eighteenth century complacency, and yet by some subtle means a feeling of the past is experienced in gazing at the whole group. The little tower somehow looks so small and the big tower so big, the turrets so slender and the white wall so flat; and all these features set off one another with so much variety that the total result is exceptionally pleasing, and possesses the picturesqueness which we associate rather with accretion than with design.

All these houses, and countless numbers more, which Holland can show in every province and in almost every village, belong essentially to the land. They could have been built there and there only. They are as Dutch as any Dutchman. They have Dutch solidity, Dutch comfort, and are marked by a certain Dutch display of these qualities—sometimes a little gauche, always rather naive, but always, on the whole, friendly, wholesome and reliable, the product of a folk possessing the solid virtues proper to a homely and home-loving society.



RECHTEREN, OVERYSSEL.

IN THE GARDEN.

SOME NATIVE PLANTS FOR THE WATERSIDE.

DURING the scorching days of summer and early autumn, when our lawns are seared and almost devoid of foliage, and plants in beds and borders are showing obvious signs of distress, there are few more restful and interesting garden features than a stream or pool. Just how much quiet pleasure the owner of such a garden feature will derive from it will depend very largely on the vegetation that clothes its banks and runs down even into the water itself. During recent years considerable attention has been given to waterside gardening, but I am disposed to think that it has not all been in the right direction. The introduction of so many hardy plants that are obviously more at home in moist places than the herbaceous border has led to their extended use in places of wild or semi-wild character, quite irrespective of their natural habit of growth or the colour of their flowers, the result too often being garish patches of colour, and awkward stems and leafage, that cannot, by any stretch of imagination, be said to harmonise with their surroundings. This criticism must not be taken as an indication that I do not consider exotic plants suitable for the waterside; many are admirably adapted for such positions, but there are signs that sufficient restraint and care are not being exercised in their selection and planting.

A ramble through some marshy countryside a week or two ago, and the accompanying illustration, served to remind me that among our native plants we have a goodly host that are capable of creating beautiful pictures on the damp margins of our garden pools and streams, especially where these are of a natural and informal character. It may be urged by some that these wildings are weedy and difficult to keep within bounds, but practical experience does not bear this out. The painstaking gardener will see to it that one does not encroach too much on its neighbours, and will also be careful not to plant such kinds as the Willow-herb, which are certainly very hard to keep within prescribed areas. The plants shown in flower in the illustration are those of the Purple Loosestrife, *Lythrum Salicaria*, a beautiful native of our marsh lands and damp hedgerows. Like a number of other simple hardy plants, it is most effective when planted in fairly large colonies, and once a few roots are obtained it is quite an easy matter to increase them by division at practically any time during the winter. A better garden plant than the wilding is named *L. S. rosea*. Instead of the purplish hue, we get in the flowers a pleasing shade of deep rose, while the sturdy, yet graceful, habit is fully maintained.

A curious fact about quite a number of waterside plants is that they will adapt themselves to ordinary border cultivation. The Loosestrifes mentioned are a case in point. Both will grow and flower quite well far away from water, though there is no gainsaying the fact that they are more at home by the margin of ditches, pools, or sluggish streams. For several years I have watched with interest some plants of the common Water Flag, *Iris Pseudacorus*, that are growing in a suburban front garden. There, planted close up to a brick burr wall, where the soil must be more often dry than wet, these plants have flowered each year for the last three years and possibly longer. It is, however, better by the waterside, where its stately, sword-like foliage and yellow flowers fit in so well with other vegetation.

Another beautiful native plant for the purpose now under consideration is the Loosestrife known as *Lysimachia thyrsiflora*. It grows about 2ft. or rather more high, and during July is always beautiful with its dense clusters of yellow blossoms. It is a true sub-aquatic, and far better suited for the water edge than many of the exotics used for the purpose. The common

yellow Loosestrife, *L. vulgaris*, though often grown in borders and comparatively dry parts of the wild garden, also thrives well by the waterside. In general appearance it is very much like *thyrsiflora*, but grows a foot taller. A dwarf member of this family, and one that will grow either in moisture or drought, is the Moneywort, *L. Nummularia*. It spreads rapidly over the soil, and from spring until well into the autumn is seldom without its large bright yellow blossoms.

For the spring months there is not a more beautiful and pleasing plant than our native Forget-me-not, *Myosotis palustris*. It loves the moist soil by the water's edge, and once established, will seed freely and perpetuate itself without further trouble, except to see that ranker vegetation does not, during late summer and autumn, smother the seedlings. Its blue flowers, peeping shyly through a loosely tangled mass of green stems and foliage, never fail to attract attention, and surely so lovely a wilding deserves a place in our water

gardens. Flowering at much the same season, but in a more brazen manner, is the Marsh Marigold or Kingcup, *Caltha palustris*. Both its brilliant yellow flowers and large, glistening green foliage are handsome, and it is too well known to need any detailed description. The double-flowered variety should, however, be left well alone. It is not nearly so pleasing as the wild plant, and provides an excellent example of a good flower spoiled.

Cowslips also ought to have a place by the margin of our pond or stream. Plant them rather high up on the sloping bank, so that they do not get flooded during the winter, and they will



THE PURPLE LOOSESTRIFE, A BEAUTIFUL NATIVE PLANT BY THE WATERSIDE.

yield flowers nearly twice the size and with much longer stems than those growing wild by the wayside. Nature teaches us this when she encourages the Cowslip in damp pastures, where they are always finer than in similar situations where the soil is dry. Our native Primrose also might well be associated with the Cowslips, and would in many cases be more appropriate to the surroundings than the vivid purple and orange exotic species now so largely used as semi-aquatics. In the Meadowsweet, *Spiraea Ulmaria*, we have a native that is quite at home with its roots touching the water. Its beautiful primate foliage, surmounted during July and August with large, plume-like heads of creamy white and deliciously fragrant flowers, creates such a picture of quiet beauty as few other plants, even the most expensive, are capable of.

Then what shall we say of the Bulrush, *Typha latifolia*? In a few good gardens one does see it thriving with its roots well into the water, but too often it is missing. Its tall, sword-like foliage is very handsome and the dark brown inflorescences, produced so freely in autumn, are a source of attraction for a long period.

The Flowering Rush, *Butomus umbellatus*, with its umbellate heads of rose-coloured flowers, is another good native for the waterside; while everyone would surely wish to include the Sweet Flag, *Acorus Calamus*, the roots and leaves of which are deliciously fragrant. The Arrowheads, or *Sagittarias*, and the wild Campion are other native plants that occur to me as being eminently suited for positions such as are now under consideration.

F. W. HARVEY.

WASTE LANDS AND MODERN METHODS OF RECLAIMING THEM.—V.

BY HENRY VENDELMANS, ING. AGRIC.

THE WORK OF CULTIVATION.

THE possibility of carrying out successful cultivation is assured by the means of which we make use. Animal labour will be employed where cheap manual labour is to be had, and where time is not an object.

In cases where economy of hand labour is a consideration, recourse will be had to mechanical work—this will utilise men, provided they are clever, who are no longer fitted for other hard work. In places where the want of roads prevents the access of the steam plough, the motor travelling plough, which can go anywhere, may be used. The cost of tillage cannot differ greatly, because the cost of keeping a draught horse is the same nearly everywhere, and the price of manual labour is distributed over wide districts. A small difference in the day's pay of a labourer will not therefore sensibly affect the cost of labour on an acre. This difference will be still less when mechanical work is in question. In such cases it is insignificant, on account of the great extent ploughed in a day.

As regards machine ploughs, when the contracting for work is under consideration, care should be taken to stipulate that the work be guaranteed satisfactory. When there is occasion to obtain a machine plough, delivery of it should not be accepted till after it has given satisfaction on the land.

In the course of these remarks we shall often have to speak of "precultures"; by this term we mean cultivation of the land and its fertilisation by means of ploughed-in crops or green manure from the time of grubbing up till the time when it is decided how to employ it. Preculture comprises cultivation for improvement and cultivation for profit.

Land consisting of bare sand, little or not at all agglomerated, of coarse grain, permeable through a considerable depth, will not generally favour permanent cultivation, with the exception of some sandhills on the sea coast, rich in calcareous

earth and in phosphoric acid. This kind of soil is a great absorber of humus, and does not retain (or retains badly) fertilising elements. It is a good plan to introduce mould into it, with the view of improving the nature of the soil.

We must be satisfied eventually to get from it the results of precultures in order to convert these lands into pine plantations. If necessary, we shall treat them as follows.

In the spring a superficial opening with the scarifier will suffice to prepare the ground, with the object of rendering possible harrowing for the covering of the seeds. We shall employ chemical manures for them.

After treatment, Scotch pines or Silvester pines should be planted in suitable places, it having been previously ascertained, of course, that these lands can produce tolerable wood.

If sandy soil is greyish and harsh, showing a little humus over a substratum of yellow or white sand; if lower down at about the depth of 8 in. a second moist bed shows itself, cultivation must penetrate to this depth to bring nearer the surface a soil very useful for precultures. It should be employed for pine woods, because prolonged cultivation is not economically possible in such a place. It may, however, be remarked that the soil will be able to bear good crops of precultures, but a permanent culture would necessitate a very considerable purchase of manure in proportion to the return. This soil will bear good pine plantations when it is permeable to a considerable depth.

Sandy soil covered with heath, with a bed of humus rather stronger, but without clay, and of a relatively higher level, can be cultivated to the depth of 8 in. with an underlayer, if the ground has a tendency to impermeability; it will then receive precultures, and will bear pines of good quality. When the soil is still sandy, but presents a good thickness of moist earth, when its relative level is less elevated, and when in addition one has the good luck to meet with a little clay, excellent pines and firs can be had.



MARSHY LAND CAN BE DRAINED AND SWEETENED.

On this soil one can have deciduous trees, husbandry, and dry meadows. We shall work at 8in., 9in., or 14in. depth according to circumstances and requirements; when the soil is very moist, to a good depth, sometimes 16in.; above all, if it is clayey it will be good for deciduous trees, for herbaceous plants, and for general cultivation. In this soil the parts on the most elevated relative level will bear splendid pines or firs. Fields will be made at a relatively low level, and cultivation can in such cases be carried out everywhere. Such a soil constitutes a valuable asset. Whoever possesses a large tract of heath of this quality has a latent fortune.

Sometimes where water cannot percolate freely deciduous trees may thrive where the herbaceous plants only consist of rushes and acid herbs without any value as food. We may work to 8in. or 9in., and if necessary use the subsoil plough.

When in land under cultivation to the depth of 14in. it is possible to mix clay with the surface earth, it may be done, on account of the considerable improvement which results from it. The soil will again be advantageously cultivated to the depth of 14in. if special purposes are in view—nurseries, orchards, and other speculative cultivation.

Marshy land drained and sweetened can carry deciduous trees, tillage or pasturage. Very often such land presents an impermeable bed at a certain depth; then it will be well to cultivate to 14in. depth, or perhaps 10in., followed by a subsoil plough. Tillage should always be pursued on soil from which the water can be drained, without which the crops would suffer from damp, and the results would be remunerative

very small expenses incurred, but we should be very far from securing all the wealth which can be obtained.

It is for another reason impossible to carry on intensive farming without chemical manure, and whoever in our long cultivated land, which has been progressively impoverished, does not employ them cannot farm successfully. It is necessary, on the other hand, to employ them in large quantities. The judicious employment of chemical manure constitutes the criterion of the level of a farmer's intelligence. This judicious employment shows itself by the use of simple manure, for chemical manure made up is always dear, and the proof of this is easily shown. Made-up chemical manure contains two or more fertilising elements, never, or rarely, in a suitable proportion for the earth or the particular cultivation in hand. To make up this manure recourse has been had to two or more simple manures which have been completely mixed by mechanical means. A dealer has then bought these simple manures, has had them brought to his place by rail and by wagon, has unloaded them, has mixed them, bagged them and put them in the storehouse. Afterwards he has sent them out again to the consumer. See, then, how the price of fertilising elements has been uselessly increased from the moment of leaving the producer up to the moment of arrival at the consumer's; above all, because it is necessary to add to all that the legitimate profit of the middleman, even if all these manipulations have not caused the fraudulent introduction of non-fertilising substances. All these increases of price uselessly raise the cost of manure, which is not improved by these

mixings; on the contrary, they have often caused considerable losses in fertilising matter (phosphate with nitrogenous manure).

As these are the manures which render certain the benefits of cultivation, the middleman must have no dealings with them. The farmer who makes use, and perhaps a large use, of made-up chemical manure is behind the times. That may be affirmed with certainty. The consumer will, therefore, order direct from the producer, or from his immediate representative, the plain chemical manure which he wants.

It is only to the neglect of using chemical manures that one can attribute the abandonment for agricultural purposes in England of more than 3,000,000 acres of land since 1879, for agricultural machinery would have been able to take the place of manual labour, and would have permitted the maintenance of agriculture in ground formerly cultivated, but abandoned after the fall in the price of wheat. We believe also that if the rational employment of chemical manure had been generally known, a great deal of land now lying derelict would long since have been cultivated. For it is by means of the employment of chemical manure, judiciously used, and by cultivation suitable to the soil, that we are enabled to make profitable use of our heath land.

Generally speaking, heath lands are wanting in phosphorus; often an analysis fails to find a trace of it, so it is necessary to introduce it. These lands are generally wanting also in assimilative potash; they must have it. These are the two principal fertilising elements to include in the form of chemical manure. Any lime which one has used is not to be regarded as a manure, but merely as an improvement, although it *can* supply the want of this element in the soil. It is, however, as an improvement that it will play its principal part—in helping to retain the fertilising elements in the soil and in neutralising its acidity. In reality, like manure, the soil would want very limited quantities of it. Nitrogen will be supplied to the soil by lupines. The lupine is a leguminous plant. Everyone knows the method by which leguminous plants, by means of the



BRACKEN-COVERED LAND IS RELATIVELY RICH IN POTASH.

only in dry years, while in wet years it would not pay the cost of production. It is very important not to put low ground under tillage. Land with impermeable under-soil would be suitable for pasturage if it can be drained sufficiently in fine weather. In the case of deciduous forests the level can be raised by the earth out of ditches. Some low marshy lands with little firmness of soil cannot be converted into anything but pasturage.

Land covered with bracken, so often met with in England, will generally be of good, even very good quality. It is generally capable of holding water, and is relatively rich in potash. The addition of phosphoric acid will in such cases make a great difference, and so long as the level is not unfavourable, it can be utilised for all kinds of cultivation.

MANURES.

Here lies the stumbling-block—how to fertilise large areas, how to make these sterile lands productive. Many soils revert to the state of heath because it has not been known how to solve the problem of manure. Nearly everything has been tried, and nothing but disappointment has resulted. At last recourse has been had to chemical manure over green manure. That has been the solution of the question. It is on the use of chemical manure that really depends the possibility of making uncultivated land productive. Without its help we should be powerless to start the great undertakings which are now possible. Without manure it is true one could create poor forests which would always be more valuable than actual barrenness, and which would in any case repay the

knots in their roots, draw in nitrogen and fix it. Hence the cultivation of leguminous plants as green manure.

In spite of the want of manual labour in making use of the means now employed—machines such as ploughs, harrows, rollers, mowing machines, reaping machines, thrashing machines, mechanically driven potato and beetroot diggers, haymakers, sowing machines and manure machines drawn by horses—manual labour, being reduced to a minimum, can no longer obstruct or hinder cultivation. We should try to eliminate it still more; above all, at certain pressing times. Thus, with regard to the hay crop, the papers have spoken of harvesting it with the aid of soldiers. That might certainly be useful in some cases, but generally it is possible to make hay without much labour, and without any hurry, by means of what are called in Flemish "klaver-ruiters." They are used now more for hay than for clover, but it was for drying clover that they were first employed. Hence their name.

Clover requires plenty of time for drying; moreover, when it is necessary to turn it frequently it loses much of its leaf, and so a good deal of its value. In order to remedy the inconvenience resulting from hand labour the klaver-ruiter was invented, and has been found so practical that it is now used for hay. Klaver-ruiters are very simple in construction. They can be made at the farm, and are not expensive. They are made as follows: Take three rods 85in. long, having 6in. circumference at the small end. Join them

at the top by means of a band of iron fixed with cramps. At about 24in. from the ground attach by means of a cramp an eye in an iron wire to each of the rods, then set up the pyramid. Then take three other rods, and pass the small end of each of them through the eye in the iron wire of the stick set up corresponding. Then put the free end of the one transverse rod on the small end, drawing out the eye of the following rod. The utility of the system is this: the hay mown by the machine is distributed over the surface of the field, it is tossed once or twice by the horse-haymaker, then put together and set up on the klaver-ruiter in fairly large heaps, and left alone in this state until it is dry and the farmer can find time to attend to it again. The hay does not spoil, on account of the empty space which remains inside the pyramid. It dries perfectly, and a shower will do it no harm. This saves much manual labour. The whole apparatus can be opened out and put up again in two minutes, and after being used is put away in the shed till next harvest.



(To be continued.)

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

DARTMOOR will provide a field for the exploration of many who are this year prevented from spending their holidays abroad. Its pure air, wide spaces and lofty skies provide exactly what is needed for those worn out in nerve and body by the strenuous work and anxieties of this unparalleled year. Those about to make the acquaintance of the moor for the first time cannot do better than take with them the simple, unaffected book which has been published by Miss Beatrice Chase under the title *Through a Dartmoor Window* (Longmans). The author is one of those who, wearied with the turmoil of London, have sought refuge in the moor. The window through which she makes her observations is part of a house adapted or rebuilt for her use. The window is a new part, and the illustration of it shows that the designer is well worthy of commendation. Miss Chase is chatty and familiar in her style, indulging in very few of those purple patches which occur so frequently in the average book about the country. Hers, however, is a simplicity which it is much easier to admire than to imitate. There is very little set description in the book, and yet the author has succeeded in imparting the glamour and witchery of the district. She has, in a word, succeeded in emerging from the crowd of those who have written on the same subject. The book has all the freshness and candour which we expect from one who is making a first acquaintance with the life she depicts. Dartmoor is very thinly populated. It has something of the charm of a Highland landscape, or, rather, of such a landscape as is to be seen in the Highlands. It presents no snowy mountains or rugged peaks, no great elevation in fact, although Princetown, the centre of the Duchy, claims to be the highest inhabited town of the United Kingdom. It stands at an altitude of 1,400 feet, and we fancy there is only one town in Scotland which challenges this distinction. The scenery around consists largely of hill and valley lying in wide stretches, the elevations rising gradually to a smooth and not very wild summit. Bracken and fern alternate over it, with cultivated crops where the husbandman has been able to win a portion of the moorland to the plough. The fence most in use is the dry stone wall, which, however, differs both in appearance and structure from the dry stane dyke of the Scottish Highlands. The latter answers accurately to its description. It is cunningly built by a dyker who uses no cement, but has the art of fitting the stones so that they will withstand the wind and weather of many generations. The appearance of the dry stane dyke is bare and stern, fitting in well with the bleakness of the Northern landscape. On Dartmoor, as Miss Chase points out, a "dry" wall is the real Dartmoor wall builded of great stones interspersed by earth and moss and ferns and flowers and stonecrop and the countless other lovely things that grow in Devon walls.

It is the use of earth in the construction that encourages the growth of wild things, and gives its peculiar character to the so called dry stone wall of Dartmoor. On one of these fences quite recently constructed we have noticed that the gorse and its companion wildings have already taken possession, giving to the bank an appearance not unlike that of a huge rambling, untrimmed hedge. It is a land of streams, a land to make those who are far from it exclaim: "God, for the little brooks that tumble as they run!" These are not chalk streams. Agriculturists are very well aware that the soil is, practically speaking, destitute of lime, and Miss Chase gives in her own way a striking illustration of this characteristic:

A few months ago, a human skull was found lying, loose, in a tuft of heather not far from here. It was not an antiquarian remain, because bones are never found here in the excavation of the ancient hut circles. There is no lime whatever in the soil of Dartmoor, and vegetation feeds greedily on it, devouring it in quite a few years. Pottery, metal and flint arrow heads are found buried in the ancient encampments, but not bones. One infers, therefore, that the skull in the tuft of heather was a modern skull, but whose it was, or how it arrived here, has never been decided.

Princetown is a fine, clean-looking, healthy little community although it has become inextricably associated in the public mind with the prison. As a matter of fact, the latter is a very unobtrusive feature on Dartmoor. The bigness of the wide space has engulfed and withdrawn it from notice. The Duchy, its agriculture and its life are much more dominating. Under the energetic management of the Prince of Wales and his advisers, it promises to become as interesting from an agricultural point of view as Sandringham was while King Edward was Prince of Wales. There is not a Royal residence at present, and when the present King and Queen, while they were still Prince and Princess of Wales, paid a visit to the Duchy, they put up at the hotel, and the Royal signatures are still preserved in the visitors' book. Concerning this Miss Chase retails a quaint little anecdote:

One old farmer belonging to the Mr. Coombe generation, who are "no scholars," pored over the book till everyone wondered what was the matter with him, though no one dared to break his trance.

At last he straightened himself up proudly and remarked—

"Thanks be, I see His Royal Highness bain't a much better scholar than what I be myself."

For its area there are very few people living on Dartmoor, and it is possible to travel long distances without encountering even a house of refreshment. This has helped in a great degree to preserve the idiosyncrasies of the inhabitants. Our author comments with appreciation on their retention of Biblical language in their common talk, especially in the matter of verbs:

"Cometh," "goeth," "saith," are all words in common use here. "Looketh like rain" is an ordinary phrase.

Her chapter on dialect is one of the most charming in the book, though the charm depends as much upon the mental attitude as upon the words used. For example, a native, describing the night she spent with rheumatism, said:

"'Tis my legs. They bain't contented, like. 'Tis no odds where I put 'em, they wun't bide contented, no place."

"Mazed" is an expressive word which has become part of the *patois*.

"Mother-mazed" is descriptive of any child passionately fond of its mother. "Mazed" designates any form of harmless lunacy.

It is in equine language, however, that the greatest distinction is reached. Take this, for example, from our author:

My friend asks if I have ever seen the North Devon warranty for a pony. "Car drink, smell a pucksey, not cocky at a galbybagger."

I prayed for a translation, which was duly sent. "Carry a drunken man safely; is very surefooted; and not inclined to shy."

A "pucksey" is a hole or bad place in the moor, which a clever pony won't go into. The real meaning of "galbybagger" is disputed, so it is now taken for anything which would startle a horse.

We may give two other examples of idiomatic expression. The first is as follows:

This lady's father was once discussing a new preacher with a shrewd old farmer who said, "I liked 'en pretty well, sur, but he dieth away tarbul at the end of his sentiments," which criticism has now become a family idiom to describe people who do not make the ends of their sentences audible.

The next is equally amusing:

Lately I was discussing moles with a small boy who traps them for his farmer daddy. I asked him if he sold the skins, and he replied, "Yes, I did, back along. But they'm slipping their jackets just now."

"Slipping their jackets" strikes me as the quaintest explanation of moulting that I have yet heard.

It will be seen from these cursory remarks and the extracts that the book is fitted to be a most delightful companion for a rainy day on Dartmoor.

The Jacket, by Jack London. (Mills and Boon.)

IN this book, which is published in America under the name of "The Star Rover," Mr. Jack London has tackled in his own way the subject of Mr. Kipling's "Finest Story in the World." The Fates do not always shut quite carefully enough behind us the doors that cut us off from our previous incarnation, and so the memories of those earlier lives survive, blurred and mutilated. Darrell Standing, once a professor in an American university, is a criminal, sentenced first to lifelong imprisonment and ultimately to death, in the prison of San Quentin in San Francisco. While his body is enduring the tortures of the jacket, a horrible kind of strait waistcoat used to punish "incorrigible" prisoners, his mind is far away, retracing now one and now another adventure from his past lives. He is in turn a fire-eating, duel-fighting French count, a hermit in Egypt, a Roman soldier under Pilate, a British sea rover in the sixteenth century and a small American boy in a caravan in the great western emigration. Mr. London is a vivid writer with an apparently limitless imagination, and some of these stories are very striking, notably that of the treacherous murder of the emigrants by Mormons and Indians in the Mountain Meadows massacre. The name of Brigham Young is full of a certain sinister romance. Stevenson made good use of it in "The Destroying Angel," and Mr. London, in his own quite different and characteristic method, has done so here. To us, however, his book seems to grip, not through these stories, and certainly not through his psychological speculations, but through his account of the horrors of solitary confinement in San Quentin. Mr. London means to be brutal and horrible, and he succeeds—some people may think he succeeds too well. He does so not by means of any flamboyant or melodramatic language, but by a matter-of-fact style that is extremely telling. We are spared little of the cruelty and the brutal cynicism of the gaolers. We see the worst "crooks" and "hoodlums" of America battered and cowed into semi-imbecility. It is a dreadful picture, dreadfully well painted. Whether such horrors have ever occurred in American prisons we do not know. We can hardly believe it, but the author makes disbelief very difficult, and that is the highest compliment that a reader can pay him.

Some Elderly People and Their Young Friends, by S. Macnaughtan. (Smith, Elder.)

WE open Miss S. Macnaughtan's books as they appear from time to time with a feeling of eager anticipation. Are we going to have another Christina McNab? But in our heart of hearts we know it is too much to expect. "The Fortune of Christina McNab" was the sort of spontaneous jest that is not to be repeated in a lifetime—too perfect and finished a performance to hide within itself possibilities of anything better to come. Let us be grateful, however, for those gifts which Miss Macnaughtan continues to bestow on us. She is a clever writer and her books never fail to entertain. *Some Elderly People and Their Young Friends* is a delicate satire on modern ways and manners—told with a slight bias towards the point of view of the elderly people. Miss Crawley, one of the elderly people, the type of middle-aged, well bred Englishwoman to be found in scores scattered over the countryside, may be considered the heroine. Miss Crawley "kept her figure well and was rich." Her drawing-room "was handsomely furnished with satin-covered chairs, a few fine old pictures, and well polished steel fenders. The flowers in the vases were always fresh, the lights burned properly and there was a delightful sense of comfort about the house." Needless to say she had excellent servants, including a maid and a butler. The story of the country house Miss Crawley took for the summer months (for which she paid an extravagant rent, "because it had a beam") with its shiny chintz bedrooms

within, and its croquet lawn without, and Hodder's grave that everyone must be taken to visit, though no one had ever heard of Hodder before, within a seven mile drive—and of the visitors, young and middle aged, who filled it with talk, make up a readable and amusing volume. The minor characters are skilfully sketched. We all know the charming chatterbox Clemmie and Miss Crawley's elder sister Annette, "one of these women who sit at home a good deal and say 'Well, darling!' to everyone as they return." The book is full of good things—"I look upon home as a dry dock for repair," says Jacquetta, one of the young friends. "When I have had my head washed and my teeth attended to, I always feel inclined to go away again."

Minnie's Bishop and Other Stories, by George A. Birmingham. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

THE reviewer's conventional piece of praise to the effect that "the book will not be laid down till the last page is reached" is applied as a rule to a novel, but for ourselves we are disposed to think it is more often applicable to a book of short stories. There is, for example, no book more likely to lure the reader on into the small hours than "Plain Tales from the Hill." It is so easy and so tempting to go on reading "just one more," and we have in a lesser degree had the same experience with this book of Canon Hannay's stories. They are so short and, for the most part, so pleasant that it is very difficult to stop. They are of all kinds, both grave and gay. We have, for example, a very touching little picture of Mrs. Cassidy waiting and waiting for news from her boy who has gone to America—"his name was Michael Antony, but it was Sonny we did be calling him"—and then the next moment comes a spirited and amusing account of a gun-running exploit in which the guns of the Nationalists fall by mistake into the hands of the Orangemen and *vice versa*, and the two parties politely agree to stick to what they have got. Delightful, too, is the story—rather reminiscent of Dr. Whitty—in which a cargo of potatoes is brought by sea to be sold cheaply for the relief of a famine-stricken neighbourhood, and nobody will buy them because there is another cargo of potatoes coming to be given away to those who cannot afford to buy. There is one story, by far the most striking in the book, and told with a highly effective simplicity, which narrates the iniquities of Mr. Patrick Sweeny, J.P., a gombeen man who lives in an atmosphere of blackmail and whisky. The unpleasantness of Mr. Sweeny's personal habits is a thought too plainly insisted on, perhaps, but the picture of the man, his dishonesty, brutality and cynicism is extraordinarily vivid and has a quality of very grim humour.

Review of the Principal Acquisitions of the Victoria and Albert Museum during 1914. (H.M. Stationery Office.)

ALBEIT 1914 was in part a year of war—indeed, in one notable case, because of it—South Kensington added some notable objects to its treasury. *La Belle Alliance* with France inspired M. Auguste Rodin to make his splendid, if admittedly unrepresentative, gift of a collection of his own work. The year would have been notable if the museum had secured by gift nothing more than the magnificent Studley Bowl, but to all departments the art-loving public has been generous. The Official Report sets out the names of these good citizens, nearly three hundred in all, and the best of the new acquisitions are illustrated. It is melancholy to reflect that the national collections will suffer severely in their power to purchase desirable objects, but it is inevitable that reduction in the expenditure of all civil departments of the State shall begin with them. Art, however, is a necessary function of a people which has true civilisation, and not a fantastic and perverted philosophy as an aim, and we have little doubt that generous donors will fill up the measure of the Museum's needs.

A HISTORY OF PULPITS

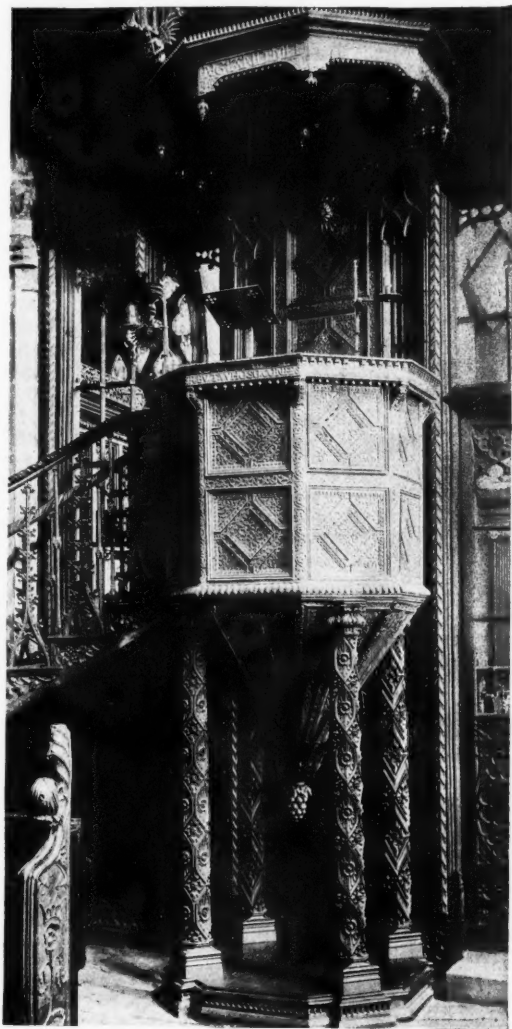
IN the tireless garnering of ecclesiastical lore Dr. J. Charles Cox has played a large part, and none of his work is more useful than his latest monograph—"Pulpits, Lecterns and Organs in English Churches." (Oxford University Press.) Not only does he deal with the development of pulpit design, but he discusses the history of English preaching. It is a common delusion that the mediæval church, in its concentration on the doctrine of sacraments, frowned on the ministry of the word, and that the preacher did not come into his own until the Reformation. So far is this from the truth that many of the religious manuals of the fifteenth century enjoined on the laity the importance of preaching, and made it a matter of even greater moment to listen to a sermon than to hear Mass. Preachers, moreover, did not use Latin except before congregations of clerks and learned men, but habitually spoke in the vernacular.

The Reformation did not give a stimulus to preaching, but almost brought about its cessation. In Edward VI's reign only eight sermons were ordered to be delivered every year. Under Elizabeth, Lichfield diocese had 433 beneficed clergy, but only eighty-one of them were licensed to preach.

The history of art always confirms and expands the history of religion and manners, and the decorative emphasis laid on the pulpit in mediæval times reveals the importance attached to parochial preaching. Unhappily, few early examples of pulpits have survived, and it is easy to see the reason. The many changes in the order of worship since the Reformation brought about continual alterations in the

disposition of church furniture. Stone pulpits are very liable to damage if moved, and that accounts for the survival of only about sixty mediæval examples as compared with about a hundred made of oak. The Commissioners of Edward VI, who were charged to purge the churches of objects adorned with "superstitious" emblems, no doubt turned out many wooden pulpits, which the parish afterwards restored to their places, whereas those of stone were demolished out of hand.

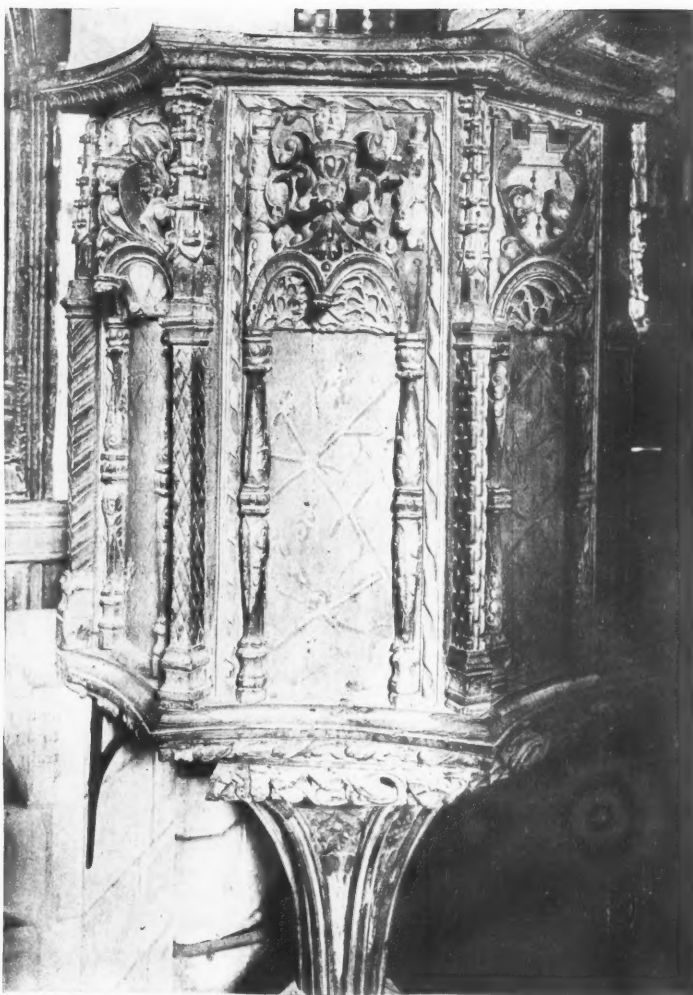
The fine illustrations of the book include many pulpits from the churches of Devonshire, carved with an especial richness like the screens of the same county. It sets us wondering as to what there was in the temperament of the Devonshire craftsman which made everything he touched blossom. Dartmouth, Cockington, Holne, Dartington, East Allington, Ipplepen, Kenton, Halberton, Dittisham,



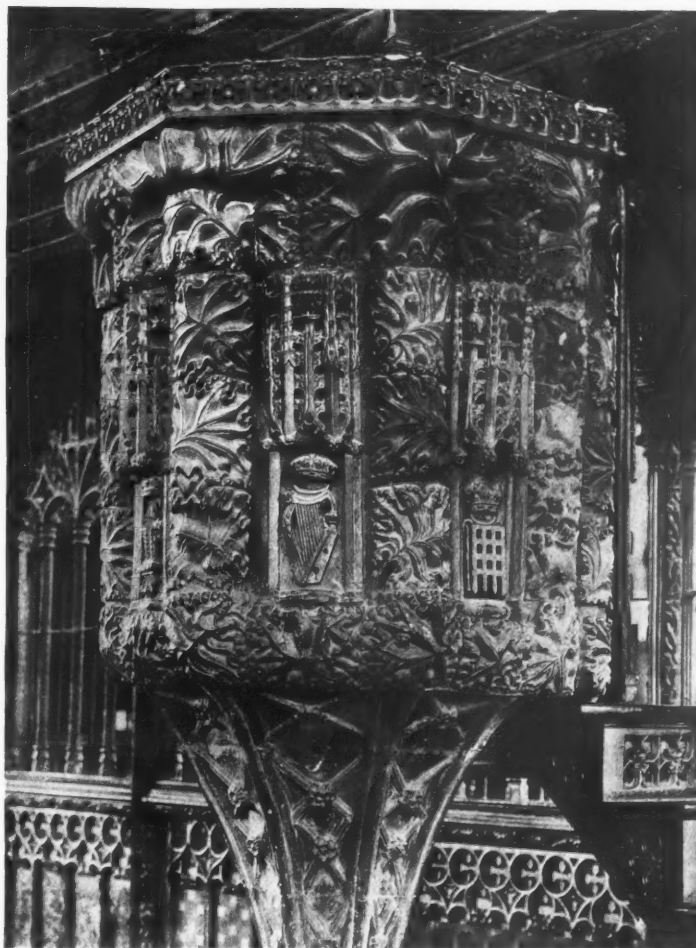
SEFTON.

Harberton, Pitton, Bovey Tracey, Coleridge, Chivelstone—all these churches still boast pulpits of extraordinary beauty and richness, and two of them are now reproduced from Dr. Cox's book by the courtesy of the Oxford Press. Neighbouring Somerset is also well equipped, but the pulpits are in the main of a more sober type and on more ordinary architectural lines. East Anglia, too, has good examples to match its screens, but Devonshire remains easily first. Cheshire boasts at Sefton an Early Caroline pulpit of very notable form and decoration.

Dr. Cox also gives chapters on lecterns of brass, stone and wood (including some examples never before illustrated), on chained books, on hour-glasses and on organs. Of the last, no purely mediæval example remains, and it was not until after the Restoration that the Puritan objection to the "kist o' whistles" died out.



COCKINGTON, DEVON.



DARTMOUTH, DEVON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"POLAR BEAR."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The letter in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE (July 24th), about "Polar Bear," the white cat which bit off the tails of her white kittens, raises two points of considerable interest to students of heredity. The first is the very definite hereditary transmission of what one may call a mental peculiarity in an animal. We know, of course, that mental traits and tricks of character are inherited in man, and in a general way we are familiar with the same sort of thing in animals—we know that dogs, cats, or horses which show some sort of characteristic behaviour are apt to have young which exhibit similar traits. But it is not often that one finds a clear-cut, definite action of an abnormal nature of which one can study the inheritance from one generation to another, and it is to be hoped that the owners of "Polar Bear" and her descendants will note and record carefully how the habit of biting off the tails of the kittens is inherited. For example, it should be noted, if possible, what proportion of her offspring develop the habit, whether it is confined to the white kittens, and whether, if this is the case, all or only some of the white kittens inherit it. The letter says the cat "was born with a stumpy tail," but it would be interesting to know whether this is quite certain, or whether it may not be possible that the habit originated with her mother, and that her taillessness is also due to amputation. The second point of interest is this: At various times the experiment has been made of amputating the tails or toes of animals in order to see whether the mutilation of the parent has any effect on the offspring. In some few cases mothers so treated have produced young which were similarly deficient, and such instances have been cited as supporting the hypothesis of the inheritance of acquired characters. But it has been objected that perhaps the apparently tailless or toeless young produced were not really born so, but arose through the mother biting off the tails or toes soon after the young were born and before the experimenter had time to see them. This opinion already had some support from observed facts, but the case of "Polar Bear" affords welcome additional evidence that a tailless mother may sometimes remove from her young an appendage which she doubtless regards as superfluous!—L. DONCASTER.

DORSETSHIRE AND THE WAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of July 10th I note a very full and able account, under the heading of "What the Country Gentleman has done for the War," detailing the families of Dorsetshire who have members serving their country. You have, however, omitted (it probably was never brought to your notice) the name of my son, Captain Richard Fitzgerald Glyn, A.D.C. to Brigadier Campbell, commanding the 6th Cavalry Brigade, who was severely wounded on May 13th while conducting a party of men to the trenches. Captain Glyn also served with the Royal Dragoons during the Boer War. If you could possibly add this notice, and so complete your Dorset account, I should be much obliged.—RICHARD G. GLYN.

[We are very glad to receive any additions to the lists of country gentlemen who are serving, in order to make them more complete.—ED.]

"COUNTRY LIFE" COMPETITION: YORKSHIRE WEST RIDING COTTAGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Further to my letter and statement which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE on July 3rd, the loan therein referred to has now been completed, and the following items for fees, etc., must be added to the figures already given in order to arrive at the total cost per pair:

	£	s.	d.
Proportion of fees paid by the Landowners' Rural Housing Society to the solicitor to the Public Works Loan Board for valuations and fees and counsels' fees	10	5	5
The Society's solicitors: Cost of mortgage and registration of memorials, including stamp duties	10	13	6
One-third commissioner's fee on declaration ..	1	6	
One-third stamp duty on Loan Stock certificates	10	10	
The Society's fee at £5 per cottage	10	0	0
	£31	11	3
Cost of three pairs as statement published on July 3rd	1,143	9	9
Add for sundries omitted	8	10	
	£1,143	18	7
Average per pair	381	6	2
Add fees, etc., as above	31	11	3
Total average cost per pair	£412	17	5

Or a little over 5½d. per cubic foot. Of the average total of £412 17s. 5d. per pair the amount attributable to actual cost of building, including water and fencing, is £356 1s. 3d. (average per pair), leaving for architect's charges and fees incidental to Public Works Loan as above, the large sum of £56 16s. 2d. (average per pair). Major G. R. Lane-Fox agreed by way of experiment to build these cottages at Bramham Park, Bardsey and Walton through the Landowners' Rural Housing Society, and that the money should be borrowed from the Public Works Loan Board. It was not known beforehand what fees would be entailed by adopting this method, but as the cottages are let to labourers at an economic rent, there is no inducement to continue this method

of building if the fees referred to can be avoided. The architect's charges (under £20 per pair of cottages) in many cases will be found a necessity, although the items for quantities (a little over £5 per pair) might be saved.—W. T. LIPSCOMB.

[The charges incidental to financing the building of rural labourers' cottages through the Public Works Loan Board are vexatious but inevitable, as the Board is bound in the public interest to satisfy itself that the money has been properly expended. We agree that the preparation of bills of quantities should be unnecessary for such small works, but it is penny-wise and pound-foolish to seek economy by doing without an architect. His supervision of the builder's work, which ensures the specification being properly observed, saves more to the client than the fees which he receives, apart from the advantage of having the design prepared to suit exactly the local conditions of site, aspect, etc.—ED.]

WOMEN IN AGRICULTURE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The experience of the Association to Promote the Employment of Women in Agriculture, of which it is my privilege to be chairman, has shown that the shortage of agricultural labour can, in part, be met by the employment of women, and even more perhaps that there is need for greater facilities for the training of suitable women than exist at present. There are in operation agricultural colleges and other institutions doing excellent work, but they are not sufficient to be able to offer training to the numerous women who are ready for farm work in this crisis, and not necessarily able to place their facilities at the disposal of women upon the terms that many would be in a position to accept. A number of landowners and farmers have generously come forward and undertaken to have women trained in practical work on their own farms; but we are anxious to obtain more assistance for this branch of our work, and through your columns I venture to appeal to landowners and farmers to co-operate with us by offering to train women for work for which they are suited on the land. I should be very grateful if those who find themselves in a position to respond to my suggestion would communicate with me, or with the honorary secretary, at the offices of the Association at 25, Victoria Street, telling us under what conditions and upon what terms they would be prepared to take and train women. They would, of course, if they wished, personally select the women, or they could leave the duty of selection to our committee, which comprises many practical farmers. I do not think it advisable to lay down any precise terms for training except to say that we do not suggest that the women should be asked to pay any premium. We want to give the women more opportunities of qualifying themselves for farm work; and we appeal to those who are able to afford such opportunities to assist agriculture by increasing the supply of qualified women who are desirous of reducing the existing and of preventing, as far as may be, the future shortage of agricultural labour.—HENRY CHAPLIN.

THE NEGLECTED EEL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Although the season when the great annual migration of our freshwater eels to the sea has begun, it is not too late for River Commissioners and other similar authorities to take steps to ensure that the few followers of the ancient and decaying industry of eel-catching receive some encouragement to increase their activity, and other freshwater fishermen, such as smelt-netters, are approached with the view of inducing them to turn their attention to the migrating eels. There is little doubt that if this were done the fishmongers, whose prices have risen owing to the diminished supply of sea fish, would be able to provide the public with large quantities of cheap, wholesome and palatable food. For one reason or another the number of professional eel-catchers has decreased considerably since the days when there were no fewer than thirty-eight eel "setts" on the rivers Yare, Bure and Waveney. At the present time it is doubtful whether more than a dozen setts are regularly worked during the season on the three principal Broadland rivers and their tributaries, while in several of our eastward-flowing rivers the annual migration of eels takes place without any fisherman attempting to take advantage of it, except, perhaps, to the extent of using a bow-net or fixing a small net across some dyke outlet after a heavy fall of rain. Most of the fishermen and marshmen who catch eels are content to do so by the slow and laborious method of darting or "picking" for them with a long-handled eel-spear, and although good catches are sometimes made in this way—Lubbock, in his "Fauna of Norfolk," mentions several stones' weight having been speared within a space of a few square yards—most of the eel-pickers usually seem satisfied if, after several hours picking, they have taken about half a pailful of eels. Just now it would certainly be worth while for the marshmen who have neglected their setts to repair their old nets and use them whenever conditions are favourable. I am inclined to believe, too, that it would answer the purpose of enterprising men to make or buy new nets and use them in the middle reaches of the marshland rivers or at the mouths of small tributary streams. At a smaller cost nets could be made suitable for use at the mouths of the innumerable dykes intersecting our wide tracts of marshland. The old method of taking eels by "bobbing" or "babbling" for them might be profitably resorted to so long as the warm weather lasts. Formerly there were many men who earned a fair livelihood by eel-bobbing during the summer months, and, as the outfit required is a very simple one, there is no obvious reason why anyone who chose should not do so now. A fairly stout pole, a short line, and, on the end of the line, a lead-weighted bunch of worms threaded on worsted or shoemaker's hemp are all that is needed apart from an old boat. or, if the fishing be done from a river bank, a bucket to drop the eels into. From personal experience, I can vouch for the fact that when the eels are "running," that is, migrating, bobbing is often quite good sport, and provides a welcome change for the angler who fishes for, but rarely eats, roach

or bream. As for the prejudice existing in some parts of the country against eels as an article of diet, it is rarely felt by anyone who has once tasted them. There was a time when a like repugnance was shown towards many other fishes which are now highly valued, such as soles and smelts, the latter being difficult to dispose of even at the price of a hundred for a penny! As for the eel as a food fish, Dr. Emerson writes: "He is capital eating. A nice silver-bellied eel, from half a pound to a pound weight, is the sweetest fish to eat, as a salt-water eel, like the Breydon eel, is the most delicately flavoured. Whilst living on the Broads I have cooked them in a *bouillabaisse*, with vegetables; fried them (skins on); stewed them; and cooked them *à la matelote*. The *bouillabaisse* is the best way, I think, and so prepared they are a delicate fish, fit for any good sportsman."—W. A. DUTT.

ANCIENT COLUMBARIUM AT VAN FAWR MANOR HOUSE, CAERPHILLY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On a hill about half a mile from Caerphilly Castle are the ruins of Van Fawr Manor House, supposed to have been rebuilt by Edward Ap Lewis (an ancestor of Colonel Lewis of Greenmeadow) in the middle of the sixteenth century, and the well preserved columbarium here

depicted stands close to the ruins of the Manor House. I thought the enclosed prints might be of general interest, as it has seldom been possible to get an exposure which showed so well how the ancient dove-cots were fitted with nests. There are nests to accommodate 2,000 birds. The poor light in the interior renders it a rather difficult place to photograph, but a long exposure resulted in an interesting print. The property is now in the possession of the Earl of Plymouth. —H. SANDFORD CLAVE.



THE COLUMBARIUM AT CAERPHILLY.



A PORTION OF THE NESTING PLACES.

but from what my keepers tell me, and from what I myself have seen and heard of them this year, he would appear to be a desperate criminal. The keepers say that although they have killed a "cartload" of hedgehogs numbers of them are still about, and only last night the keeper on night duty in the rearing field was twice "called" by an agitated hen, and on each occasion found a hedgehog invading the coop. A neighbouring farmer tells me, too, that having lost a number of chickens and ducks without being able to find trace of the thief, he sat up one night, with the result that he spotted and killed a hedgehog in the very act. Another tenant farmer has a similar tale to tell, except that in his case he "tied up" a duck guarded by traps, in two of which he got hedgehogs. That these animals would now and again dig out a rabbit "stop," occasionally put a partridge off her nest and help themselves to an egg or two, or even go so far as to add a game course to their dinner, we knew; but it seems to me that if they are behaving in other parts of the country as they are in mine this year, it will become necessary to take active measures for their destruction, much though I should regret doing so, for I believe they do a certain amount of good in the way of eating noxious insects. I have often been not a little amused by watching them when out on "business." They are awkward, shambling animals, but anyone who has never seen them do it would be surprised at the rapidity of their final "rush" on their prey.—T. B.

DO HEDGEHOGS DO HARM?

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I am curious to know if others of your readers have noticed anything unusual in the number of hedgehogs this year, and what appears to be an abnormal development of their predatory habits. Hitherto I have always looked upon the hedgepig as an interesting and comparatively harmless animal.

YOUNG TREE CREEPERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph showing young tree creepers escaping from nest by creeping up a brick wall. Although these young birds could fly a few



THEIR FAVOURITE MODE OF PROGRESSION.

yards, they much preferred escaping by creeping than by flight.—F. MALCOLM REYNOLDS.

THE GREAT DICTIONARY MAKER.

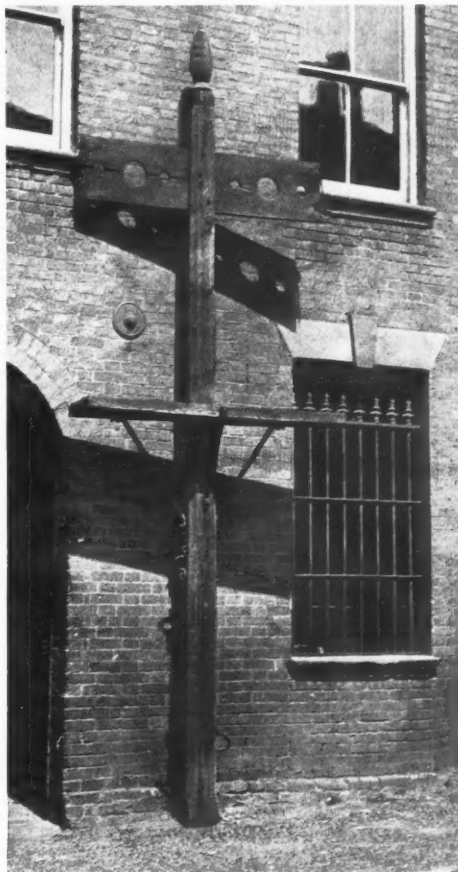
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The death of Sir James Murray will leave a host of students the poorer for lack of his advice and help. At the end of last year I asked him to elucidate the word "type," in its obsolete architectural meaning of "canopy," which I found in some old building accounts. He immediately replied with a long memorandum in his own characteristic little writing, and spared no pains in the hunt. I was much impressed by the prompt and kindly way with which he came to the rescue of an unknown correspondent, and know that there are hundreds of others who owe him a similar debt. It is surely one of the tragedies of learning that he was not spared for two years more to see the completion of his great life work.—LAWRENCE WEAVER.

A RELIC OF OLDEN DAYS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending a photograph of the old pillory at Coleshill, Warwickshire, a souvenir of an unpleasant old-time practice which may interest your readers. As a matter of fact this particular pillory is in such excellent preservation that I fancy it is not a very ancient specimen. The punishment was in vogue in this country until 1837; and I have heard that it was abolished so recently as ten years ago in some part of the United States. It is still very popular (with the administrators of justice only) in China, though there the pillory is a portable one which the victim carries with him wherever he goes.—M. LEVENTON.



THE PILLORY AT COLESHILL.

BEECH MAST AND VERMIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There is in Buckinghamshire a very heavy crop of beech mast this year; we may therefore, judging by the experience of previous years, expect later on an invasion of wood-pigeons and vermin. The reason for the coming of the wood-pigeon is obvious enough, that for the advent of the vermin may not be so apparent. It works out in this way. The beech mast attracts rats and mice, these in their turn attract stoats, weasels, etc., engaged, no doubt, in preserving the due "balance of power," but, none the less, a source of trouble and annoyance to keepers. This year, unless due precautions are taken, the vermin may become a source of serious trouble, for on many estates keepers have either been discharged or have joined the Colours, and in the absence of these their natural foes, vermin will become rampant, remaining in numbers to become a source of trouble next year. The trapping of vermin does not, however, call for physical strength, and it is probable that there are many old men, such as retired keepers, quite capable of acting as trappers, and who would be glad to earn something in the way of wages. There is, moreover, this to bear in mind, that an estate left untrapped becomes a distributing centre of vermin to surrounding properties, and on that account alone it would seem to be a duty to one's neighbour to keep down vermin, for once established they are not so very easy to get rid of, and where they abound it is hopeless to expect a good stock of partridges.—S. G.

AN UNUSUAL PET FROM NIGERIA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I herewith enclose a photograph which I trust may prove of sufficient interest to be included in your correspondence corner. It is of a young striped hyena about five months old which my brother, Dr. Black, C.M.S., brought home from Nigeria, where she had been found by one of his servants apparently deserted by her parents in the woods. We kept her here for four months; in fact, until she grew so strong that we were afraid she might one day get away from the maid who used to take her out for walks. She was very gentle, and was allowed loose to play with us in the drawing-room



A TAME HYENA.

every evening. She was extremely intelligent, and quite devoted to my brother. She got loose one evening, the collar slipping over her head. Ten of us went out to try and catch her, but she had the advantage of being able to see well in the dark, and she just played with us until we were all exhausted and cross, bounding in and out of the bushes, avoiding every effort to lay hands on her. At last we all gave up the hunt except my brother. He stood in the centre of a plantation and called her quietly by her pet name. She came right up to him and threw herself at his feet, quite ready to be carried to bed. The rest of us did feel foolish to have had a hyena literally "laughing" at us. The hyena is now in the Dublin Zoological Gardens, where she seems very happy and is in excellent health. She knows us all well, and cries with delight when she hears our voices.

—A. BLACK.

DOG ROLLING IN FILTH.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—A correspondent asks how to cure a dog of the disagreeable habit of rolling in filth. If the owner is near enough when the dog offends, a sharp and unexpected cut with a whip or stick while in the act is a good commencement. In any case, send him home at once, scolding him all the time, and when home is reached, apply a fairly strong solution of a non-poisonous disinfectant, such as Jeyes' Fluid or Pearson's Antiseptic, and shut the dog up—in a place he dislikes if possible—to get the full benefit of the application. I have cured several offenders in this way. It is rarely necessary to repeat the treatment more than once.—CREDE EXPERTO.

PET BIRDS IN A FRENCH RUIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You may like to publish the enclosed photograph because of something more than its particular interest. It was taken in one of the many wrecked churches in Northern France, that of Aube, where workmen are busily engaged in rebuilding the church. They have made pets of two young rooks, one of which is seen hopping about on a heap of stones which once formed part



THE WORKMAN'S COMPANION.

of the church wall. The men seem to be extremely fond of their pets and get them to jump on their hands, although they were a little scared at the entrance of a party of strangers. One hears a good deal about stray animals becoming the pets of the men in the trenches, but it is rather curious that birds also should have grown so tame.—P.

SCENTLESS MUSK.

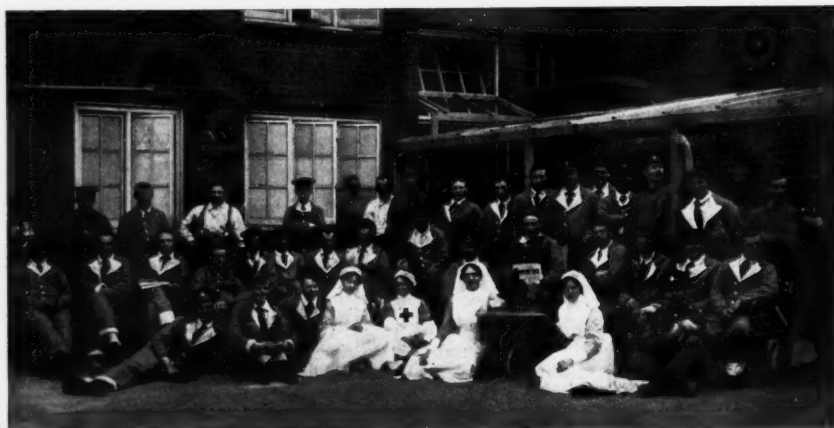
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Algernon H. Drummond, whose question appeared on page 180 of COUNTRY LIFE for July 31st, the reason why musk has lost its fragrance during recent years is not known. I have endeavoured for a long time to obtain the information asked for by your correspondent, but without avail. Numerous theories have been put forward, but when investigated all proved groundless. It is certainly not due to bees. The failing is, I believe, general all over the United Kingdom, though many who grow the musk do not seem to be aware of the fact until it is put before them. The subject at present is one of the most interesting botanical mysteries that I have known, and our scientific experts appear unable to give any clue to its cause.—F. W. H.

BACK FROM THE FRONT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Here is a picture I have made of some thirty of the best of right good fellows. They have been no "slackers," and although most of them have been in the thick of the fray, they are fortunately able to enjoy a COUNTRY LIFE now. I had nothing to do with the pose. They come from many parts of the Empire, including Canada and Australia. Good luck to them say I, and a happy issue out of all their afflictions.—REGINALD C. MOUNT.



CHEERFUL CONVALESCENTS.

of the Riviera, adult species enveloped by webs, not seen in this country." It will interest him to know that a few years ago I found a large cocoon full of caterpillars at the end of a branch of an apple tree in a garden between Exeter and Exmouth. I had heard them spoken of as procession caterpillars, as they come out one by one and march one after the other, destroying everything in their advance.—R. W. FAWKES.

A NEST OF CATERpillARS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In a letter to COUNTRY LIFE, July 24th, signed E. K. Pearce, the writer mentions the congregation of the caterpillars "which one has witnessed in nests of caterpillars in bushes and trees